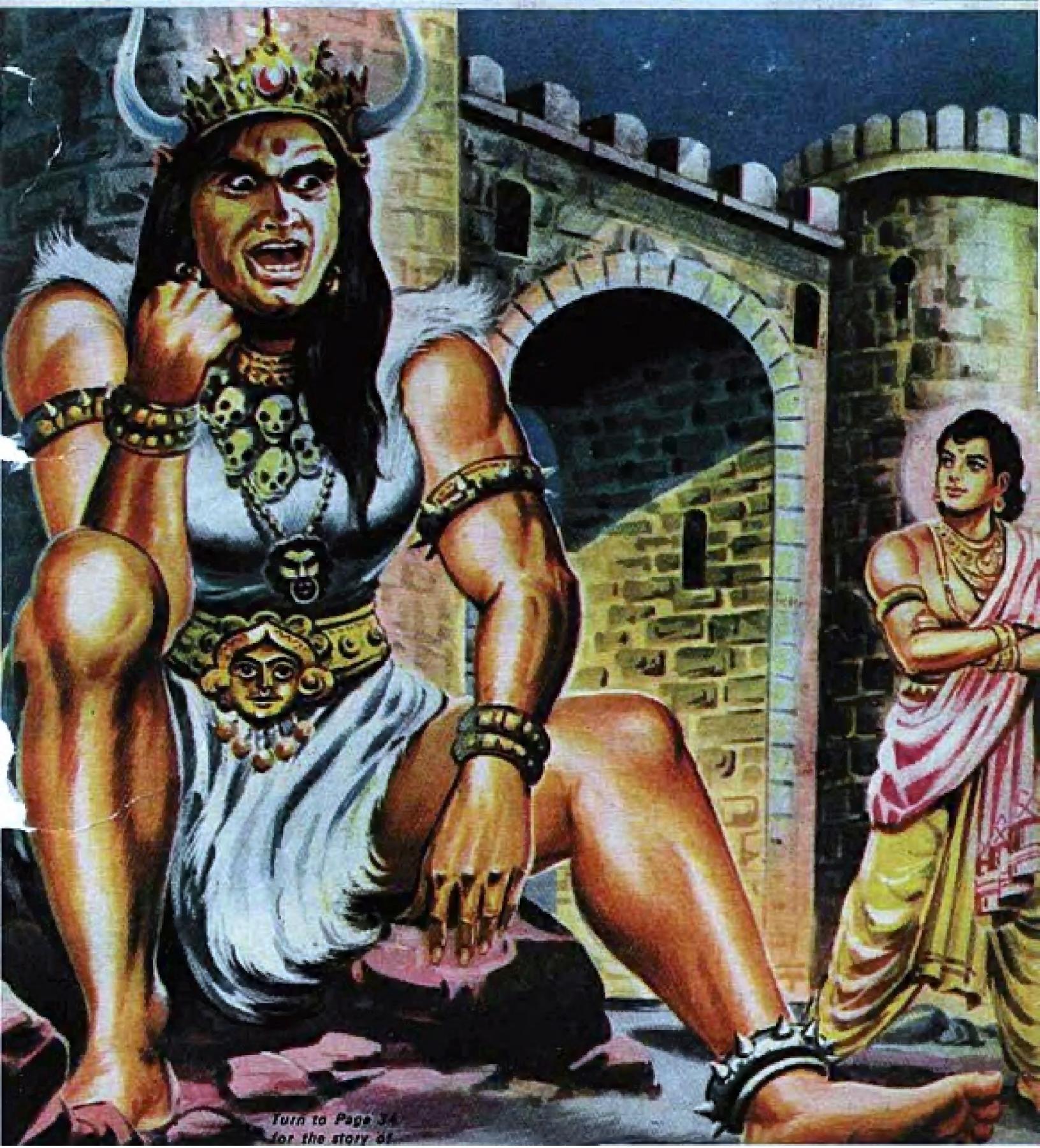


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Mina Hated Geometry

Nothing was tiring and boring like Geometry for Mina

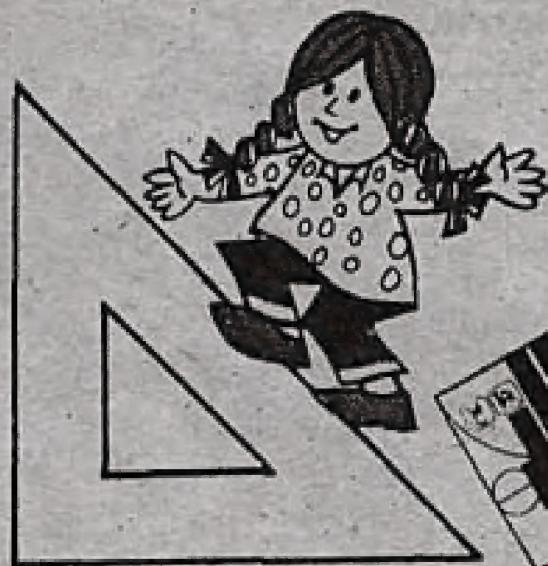
It never interested her.
Those acute and obtuse angles, those parallelograms and the hexagons.
She was miserable.

And then it happened,
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Now Mina Loves Geometry



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Camp; Nivedita Patil, Bombay - 50.

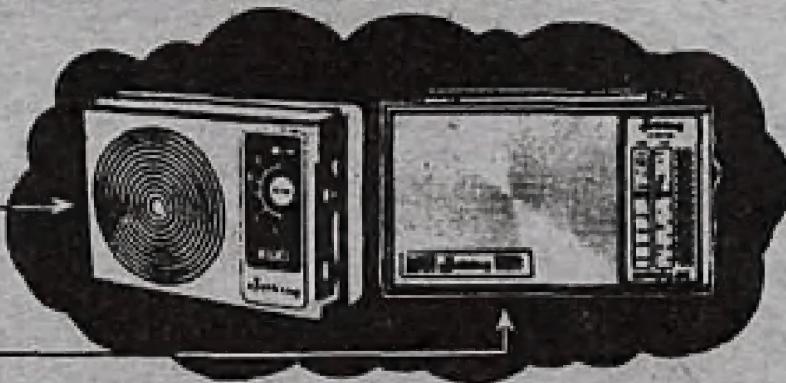
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PLUS EIGHT STORIES AND SEVEN OTHER FEATURES

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

ब्रह्मणे च सुरपे च चौरे भग्नव्रते तथा ।

निष्कृतिविहिता सद्भिः कृताने नास्ति निष्कृतिः ॥

*Brahmaghne ca surape ca caure bhagnavrate tathā
Niṣkṛtivihitā sadbhīḥ kṛtaghne nāsti niṣkṛtiḥ*

The learned have shown how even the murderer of a Brahmin, a drunkard, a thief and one who has deviated from his vow can find redemption; but there is no redemption for the ungrateful.

The Panchatantra



Founder: CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

THE WORLD MYTHOLOGY

How old is man? How old is the human civilisation? Only twenty years ago we were almost sure that we knew the answers. But the situation has changed. Recent finds of ancient remains of man suggests that man is much older than he thought he is. Numerous civilisations, lands once rich with their own religion, culture, and customs have disappeared from the surface of the earth!

But could everything they had have disappeared? No. Something of their experience and faith, some memory of the great events that had taken place in their history, survive. They become legends and myths. The world's mythology is an open sesame to the knowledge of the past.

From this issue, the *Chandamama* brings to you a new picture-feature: *The World Mythology*. Each issue will carry a complete story – interesting, educative, and helpful.

Interesting it should be because it will be a story told through pictures. Educative it should be for it will bring us knowledge. But how helpful?

The literatures of the world – the English literature no exception – are full of allusions, phrases and proverbs which can be properly appreciated only if one knew the stories behind them. Grow up and see how helpful the new feature proves!



LET US KNOW

How did writing originate?

*P. Govind,
Hyderabad.*

To communicate with others is a trait of most of the living creatures. Beasts and birds carry on communication among themselves through sounds and gestures.

In man this instinctive urge to communicate became a highly refined trait, for man is the most evolved of all the creatures. To be able to express himself is one of his basic urges. As he grew intellectually, aesthetically, and spiritually, he developed many ways of expression—music, art, literature, so on and so forth.

When the primitive man thought it necessary to leave some signs for others, he naturally drew pictures. If he wanted to warn his kinsmen about the presence of a tiger, he drew the outline of a tiger. (The urge in this case was to communicate a message, not to draw pictures. To draw pictures is a different urge.) In course of time such drawings (drawing for sake of communicating a message) became symbolic; that is to say, the accuracy of the picture did not count; if it could communicate a message, that was enough. Thus evolved a kind of picture-writing. And, once such a method had been found, people went on cultivating it.

But representing objects through signs was not the only line of development in this regard. We must remember that speech developed long before writing. Some people had the inspiration to represent sounds (not objects) through signs. Once they had formulated those signs, they taught them to others.

These are some aspects of the origin of writing. Its development is a long story.



The Best Medicine

In a village named Narendrapur lived a physician called Praharaj. Whatever be the sickness, said the villagers, Praharaj was capable of curing it.

"Praharaj! You are no ordinary human being, but an incarnation of Dhanvantari, the physician of the gods!" some people said.

But Praharaj replied calmly, "My brothers, there are a number of physicians in this country, who know as much as I know. If you find my treatment so good, it is because you have faith in me. I should say that is God's grace!"

At this the people used to whisper to one another, "Look at the humility of the great physician!"

Once Praharaj fell sick. He suffered from a bad cough. Months passed; but his cough did not subside.

"If you need some special herbs or some rare stuff, just tell us and we will secure the same!" said his friends. To such suggestions Praharaj only smiled.

"It is universally believed that the physician, however efficient he may be, cannot cure himself. I should advise you to place yourself under Hari Misra's treatment," said Praharaj's brother-in-law.

"For sometime I was also thinking of doing so," said Praharaj. He had heard much about Hari Misra. He proceeded to meet Misra, accompanied by

some villagers.

But, on arriving at Hari Misra's house he heard that Misra was not at home. Sick for a month, Misra had been to Shastri, the renowned physician, who lived in the bazar a day's walk away.

"Better I too visit Shastri. Undoubtedly he is the greatest physician of us all," thought Praharaj.

They spent the night in a road-side inn and resumed their journey in the morning. By sundown they entered the bazar. To their surprise they saw the people of the bazar looking sad. As they approached Shastri's house they saw there a crowd, with many in it weeping.

"Did some distinguished patient of Shastri die?" Praharaj asked a weeping man.

"No patient, gentleman,

Shastri himself died. He was bed-ridden for a fortnight. Tomorrow he was to pay a visit to Praharaj, the famous physician of Narendrapur. But death came suddenly," informed the man.

Praharaj raised his folded hands to his forehead, in the way of showing respect to the departed soul. Then he turned to go.

The companions of Praharaj looked at him meaningfully. Praharaj nodded and told them, "Let us go back. I assure you, I shall be cured in no time."

"How?" asked his companions.

"While all had faith in me, I lacked faith in myself. Now I have developed it—the best medicine. I can cure myself," explained Praharaj.





THREE PRINCESSES

10. A Dance for the Giant

(While the three daring youths and the three princesses were discussing the possible ways for their escape, the giant brothers reached there. The princesses escaped into the lake and turned into swans. But the three brothers were caught. The elder giant soon left; the younger giant changed his prisoners into stones.)

From the lake the three princesses saw how the giant caught hold of the three brothers and how he carried them into the castle. They felt extremely anxious about the fate of the youths.

They also took note of something more. Udayan had brought out the magic powder that could have made them invisible. But he had no time to use it. When the giant caught them, the container with the

powder slipped off his hand. The giant had failed to observe it.

Soon they saw the giant entering his underground castle. They came out of the lake and assumed their real forms and looked for the container. A thorough search of the place soon yielded the result. They found the container and buried it under a tree.

"What next? What are we to do now?" asked Sukeshini



in a depressed voice.

They all sighed and sat silent for a moment.

"Let us hope that the giant has only changed the brothers into statues; he has done no other harm to them," said Suhasini.

"Supposing that is what he has done, how to bring them back to life? Luckily of course we know the water that would do the miracle. But it is impossible for us to enter the castle without drawing the giant's notice!" Sukeshini expressed the fear.

"That is true. Nevertheless, we must do something," obser-

ved Subhasini. After a moment she said again, "I am going to propose a daring step. Let us befriend the giant. Let us try to develop in him a taste for dance and music. Once he becomes engrossed in enjoying them, one of us can slip into the castle and restore the youths to life by the virtue of the magic water. The next step will depend on their advice."

The two sisters heard the suggestion with rapt attention.

"It seems this is the only way to go to the rescue of the youths," said Suhasini. "But it is risky."

"Is it possible to do anything in this situation without running the risk of being found out?" asked Subhasini.

All the three smiled sadly.

Next day all the swans came ashore and turned into young men and women which they really were. Needless to say, all of them were the prisoners of the giants—all twins.

Subhasini asked all the young men to return to the lake. Then she explained her plan to the girls. They had been bored with their imprisonment in the lake and the castle. Subhasini's proposal kept before them some promise of excitement.

They began dancing and singing. By and by they approached the castle. Before long the giant was attracted. He came out looking a bit puzzled.

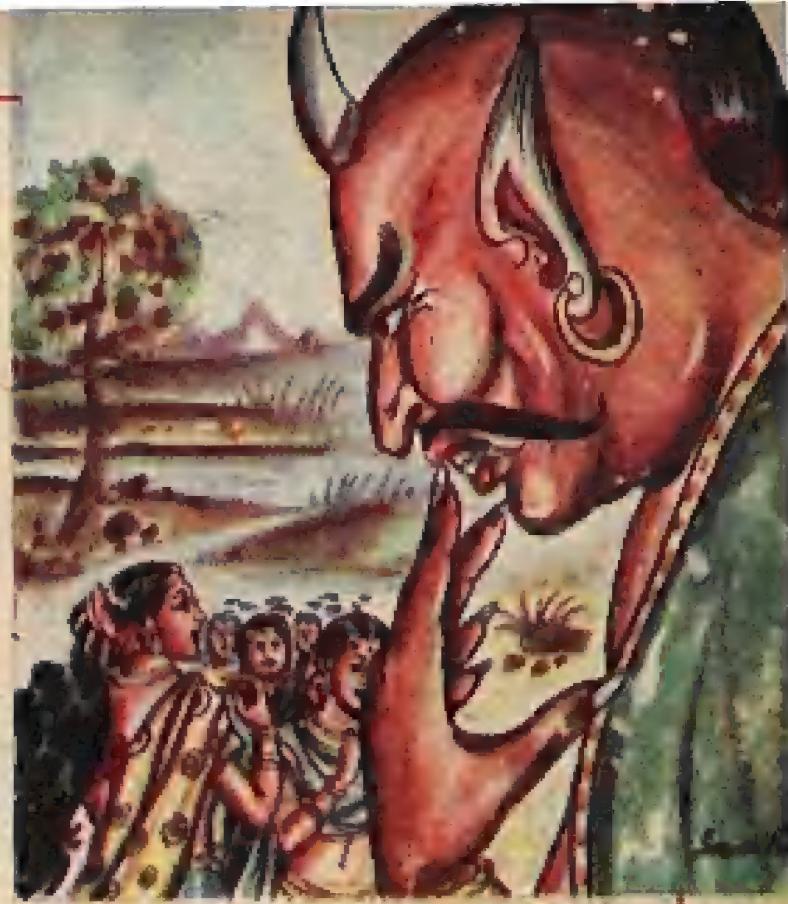
"You are out to create some problem for me, are you?" he asked. But he did not sound harsh at all. It seems the dance and song pleased him.

"Who can cause you a problem, O great Giant? Are you not more than a match for all of us? We are, to be frank, bored. We are singing and dancing just for a change. We hope, we don't annoy you!" said Subhasini.

"No, no, why should you annoy me? Go on singing and dancing," said the giant with a grin. Then in a bid to console them, he said, "But you won't have to be bored for long. We shall soon put an end to your boredom by putting an end to you all!"

"How kind of you to say so, Giant, Sir! But won't you feel quite lonely after we are sacrificed?" asked Subhasini.

"Well, that can't be helped. I have a number of men turned into stones around me. Even yesterday I turned three audacious chaps into statues. But stones are hardly any company," said the giant.



"We feel for you, Giant, Sir! And for the remaining few days of our life, we shall feel happy to give a little happiness to you —through singing and dancing. Should you not come out to the meadow to enjoy our performance?" asked Subhasini.

"No, no, no, no! I can't leave the castle. I have become more alert after the recent intrusion by three young fellows," said the giant.

"You are unnecessarily worried, Giant, Sir! Who will care to visit this lonely region and who will dare to enter this fearful castle? Surely, it is only rarely that you face such intru-



sions! No, no, there is no sense in your going without the joy we are offering to you for the mere fear of intruders! In any case, one of us can always be in the castle to keep an eye on the gateway," proposed Subhasini.

The giant nodded. He was getting influenced by the girls.

"Who will be here now?" he asked.

Subhasini gave a push to Sukeshini. Then they surrounded the giant and giggled and began a new song clapping their hands. Sukeshini stayed on there on the pretext of keeping a watch on the gateway. The other girls slowly led the giant

into the meadow.

The giant was fascinated by the performance of the girls. He sat on a rock and shouted out his hurrahs from time to time.

The girls stopped after two hours.

"You are tired, are you? That is only natural. How smartly you dance! Can't we enjoy this daily?" asked the giant.

"Why not!" said the girls in a chorus. "Who won't be proud to dance for a giant who appreciates the art?"

Next day, the three sisters wanted to dig out the buried magic powder. But to their great dismay, they failed to locate it.

"We had definitely buried it here. What might have happened to it?" they asked one another.

That evening it was Subhasini's turn to guard the castle. She had gone there with a part of her cloth drenched in the magic water. When she saw the giant engrossed in enjoying the dance by her friends, she squeezed the wet cloth on the statues of the three brothers. Udayan, Nishith and Kumar returned to life.

Subhasini told them how the

giant had become a lover of dance and music. She also informed them about the loss of the magic powder.

"What is to be done now?" the three brothers put forth many possible courses of action. But none of them seemed to be reasonably safe.

Suddenly Subhasini clapped her hands and said, "I have an idea. The giant may be very strong, but he is quite dull so far as intelligence goes. There are numerous statues in the castle. If we move three statues here, the giant will mistake them to be your statues. He will remain assured that all was well!"

"An excellent idea, indeed,"

agreed the three brothers.

They chose three statues that resembled them and shifted them to the spots which they were deserting. Then they hid behind a thick bush between the castle and the lake.

After an hour the giant returned. He was beaming with satisfaction.

"It was a nice programme, though I missed you," he told Subhasini and added, "You can now go and join your sisters."

Subhasini went straight to the bush and signalled the brothers to come out. Then they advanced towards the lake.

To be continued



WORLD MYTHOLOGY
THE GOLDEN BOON



Once an old deity, Silenus, lost his way and entered Midas's garden. Midas received him kindly and led him to his student, Dionysus, another god.

Midas, the king of Phrygia, suddenly came across an ancient cave loaded with gold. He was delighted. But far from satisfaction, the discovery gave him a greater hankering for gold.



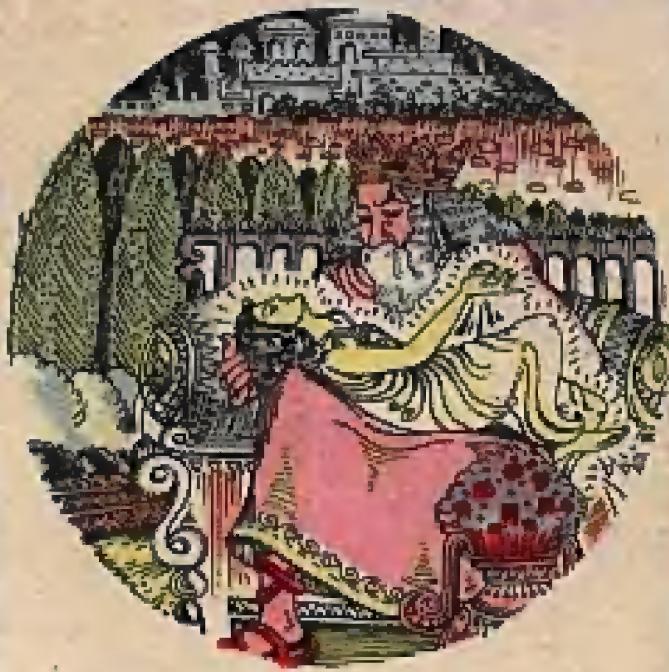
Back in his palace, the hungry Midas ordered for dinner. Alas, he could not chew the food! It had become gold!

Dionysus offered a boon to Midas. "Grant that whatever I touch turns into gold!" Midas prayed. It was granted. Midas returned—the happiest man.





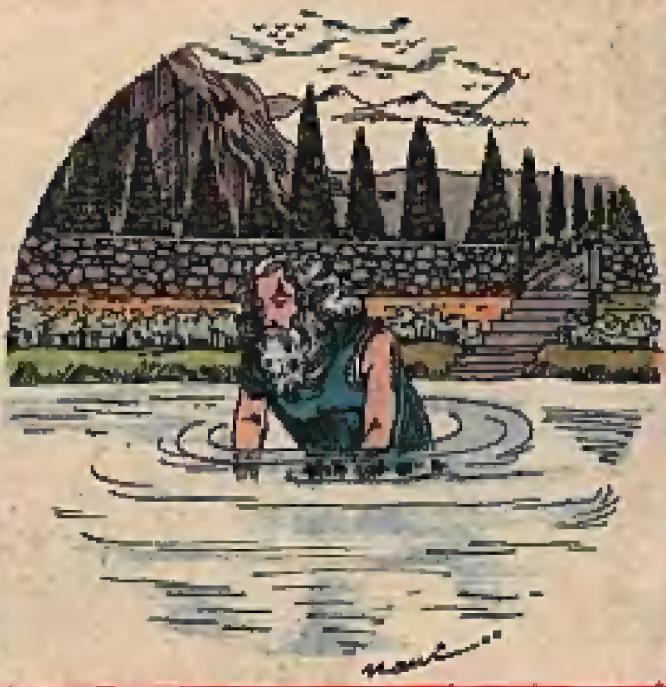
He spewed the food out and hoarded the gold in his box. But he was awfully hungry. He slipped into his garden and plucked an apple. Lo! it was gold.



"Where are you, father!" cried out his daughter lovingly. She came running to him. He took her in his clasp. Next moment, she had turned into a statue of gold!



King Midas now realised the folly of his greed. He ran to God Dionysus and prayed to him to withdraw the boon that was in fact a curse.



Dionysus directed Midas to bathe in the river Pactolus. The king did so and got free from the boon! The sands of the river turned into gold.



THE FINEST MONUMENT MAIMED BY BOMBARDMENT

*On a hill in Athens stands the ruined Parthenon - a
Pointer at man's capacity for vandalism!*

Although it had been damaged through the centuries, the Parthenon's roof remained intact until 1687 when Count Konigs-marck opened fire on it with his mortars.

Cities and buildings have always been at risk in time of war. In the past, so many besieged castles were knocked down. Victorious troops took it for granted that they could loot and wreck the most prized possessions of mankind.

A special place must be reserved in history for the Swedish Field Marshal, Count Konigs-marck, who cold-bloodedly bombarded the Parthenon, the most perfect building of the ancient world.

One may excuse Attila the Hun for much of the damage he caused, on the grounds of ignorance. But Count Konigsmarck was a student of Greek culture when, in 1687, he was hired as a

military expert by Venice.威尼斯人 were trying to free Athens from the Turks.

On learning that the defenders were using the Parthenon as a powder magazine, Konigs-marck opened fire on it with mortars. One round dropped through the temple roof which was till then intact. There was an explosion which shattered 28 columns, brought down the beams, much of the sculpted decorations and spread the roof over the nearby countryside amid loud cheers from the威尼斯人.

A terrible fire raged in the Parthenon for two days and the Turks finally surrendered.

Not satisfied with having committed one of the greatest acts of vandalism in history, Count Konigsmarck was also determined to steal the magnificent group of stone horses from the Parthenon. He succeeded

in pulling them loose with ropes, but the tackle slipped smashing the horses to pieces.

The Parthenon, or the Temple to the Goddess Athena, was built in the 5th century B.C. to commemorate Greece's victory over Persia. The world has come to look upon it as a memorial to Greece's golden age. The centre of Greek culture was Athens, governed for 30 years by Pericles, a political genius, soldier, and an orator.

Pericles' Athens was really

two cities, one made up of the great market place called the Agora. The other Athens was set on top of a rocky hill known as the Acropolis, and it was devoted to temples, some of which could be counted among the finest buildings in the world.

The site of the Parthenon was that of an old temple to Athena, the city's patron goddess. Pericles put the work into the hands of two architects, Ictinus and Callicrates. The famous sculptor Pheidias was the supervisor.



They chose the finest building material, the snow-white marble.

To move some 20,000 tonnes of marble from quarry miles away to building site was a major task in itself.

Formidable as the task was, the builders triumphed in the end and the three men presented their city with what is generally acknowledged as the finest example of the Doric style of architecture.

The sculpted decorations on the outside of the building commemorated the history of the goddess Athena and included 44 statues and a frieze no less than 159 metres long, originally all brightly coloured.

Inside the building there were two rooms. In one was kept the temple treasure, and in the other stood Pheidias's gigantic statue of the goddess herself. This incredible work was removed to Constantinople in

A.D. 400. Afterwards it disappeared!

The statue stood more than 12 metres high, and was built round a huge vertical beam of wood that rose from the floor.

Ivory was used to represent the flesh tones of Athena's face, hands and feet, and the rest of her was covered in a sheath of more than 1,000 kilos of solid gold. The gold was attached in the form of plates, removable for inspection.

Pheidias's great statue cost as much as the rest of the building put together, and caused its creator considerable trouble. Accusations were made on all sides that Pheidias had stolen much of the gold. Although he proved his innocence by removing each plate for weighing, feelings were running so high that he had to leave Athens for Olympia, never to return.



Resolve to be tender with the young, compassionate with the aged sympathetic with the striving, and tolerant with the weak and the wrong. Some time in life you will have been all of these.

— D. L.

The Arabian Nights

It is Time!

Once upon a time there was a king who was extremely fond of pomp and show. Over the years he had gathered immense wealth. He had collected precious jewels from wherever he could. For himself he had made innumerable sets of gaudy dress, studded with jewellery.

He nursed a dream of one day making a grand show of his wealth before the people of his city. Finally he decided to do it. That day he bedecked himself with the costliest jewellery

in his possession, put on a turban that was studded with diamonds and set out for a ride through the main thoroughfare of the city. His followers too were accordingly dressed. Even his horse had become the most adorned animal anybody had ever seen.

The news of the king's grand ride spread in the city. Hundreds of men and women came out to the road. They greeted the king as he rode by. The king was happy.



By and by his happiness changed into pride. As more and more people marvelled at him, more and more inflated he felt in his vanity.

"Ha! the world could not have known a richer king than myself!" he told himself. Minutes later, he murmured, "And I am also the most powerful of all the kings!"

He decided to continue such shows of splendour for many more days.

He hardly looked at his amazed subjects. That is because he took them to be unworthy of his look.

No wonder that he would grow annoyed to see a haggardly fellow standing right in front of him, at the middle of the road. By then he was outside his city and there were not many to marvel at him.

"Move out of the way, you fool!" shouted the king.

But, instead of paying heed to the king's order, the fellow grinned and raised his hand.

The king unsheathed his sword, but as he came closer to the fellow, he suddenly felt a chill creeping through his spine! He could not strike the man with his sword. His horse came to a halt.



The man took hold of the horse's rein and whispered to the king, "Don't you recognise me? I am the Angel of Death!"

The king gave out a cry.

"Yes, it is time for you to leave this body and accompany me!" said the Angel.

The king looked back. His followers stood surprised. They did not know what happened to the king. None but the king could see the Angel and none could hear their conversation.

"Please, Angel of Death, give me a year's time!" the king pleaded "I have a lot of things to settle."

"It is time," said the Angel with a frown.

"Give me at least a month!" the king appealed to him in tears.

"It is time!" said the Angel more sternly. He gave the rein a little shake. The king slumped on his horse. The people behind him raised cries of horror. They dismounted and came rushing to the king only to find him dead.

Leaving the king's men to their cries of bewilderment, the Angel went away and entered a lane. In front of a mosque sat a poor man in prayer.

"Hello!"

The man looked up at the

Angel's call.

"I'm come—the Angel of Death!"

"Welcome, dear, I'm ready," said the poor man happily.

"But you can take time to prepare yourself, can take hours or days or even weeks...."

"Thank you, Angel of Death, but why should I be a fool to tarry here when my Lord calls me? Let me not waste a moment. Just wait till I lie down for prayer. Do take my soul while I am in that position," said the poor man and he prostrated himself.

The Angel of Death smiled and gently swept his soul away.





SIGHS OF RELIEF

Mangal bought a pair of young bullocks from the fair. He named them Ram and Bhim.

Both the animals looked handsome. Mangal took much care of them.

Time came when Mangal must employ them to work. Ram proved tame and active. But Bhim was his opposite. He refused to plough. Often he snapped the rope and entered other's fields to munch at their vegetables.

Mangal, with his best efforts, failed to make Bhim behave. He regretted buying him.

One day Suresh, a neighbour, came to borrow a bullock from Mangal. To crush oil was his work.

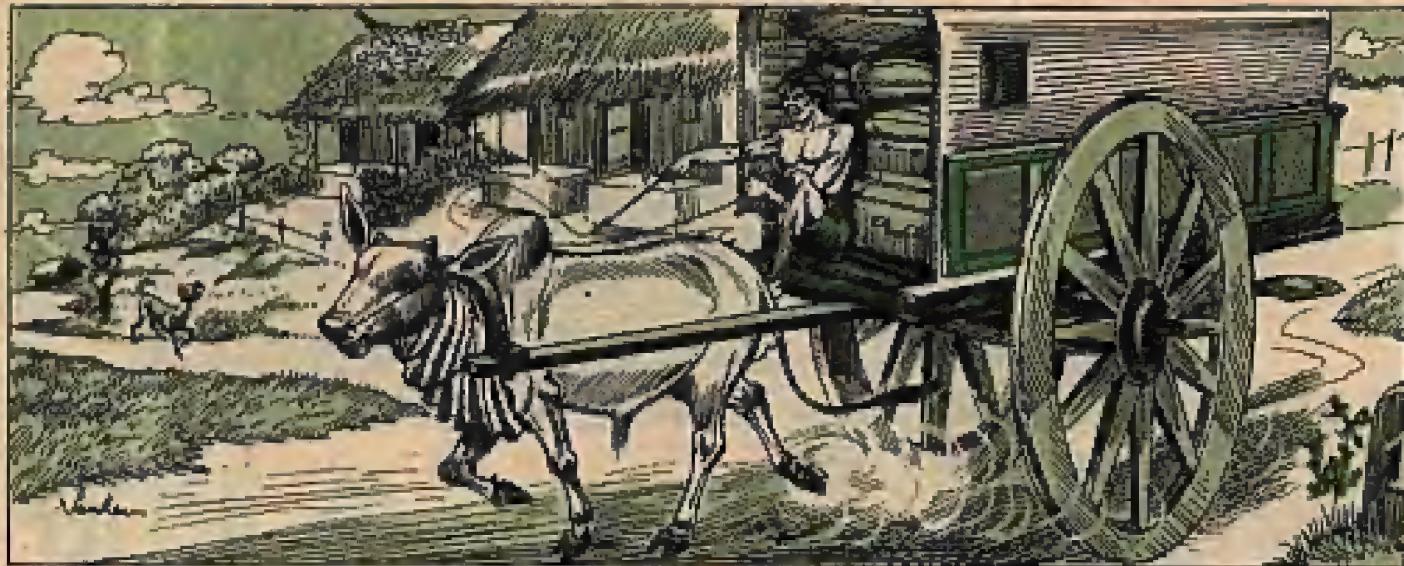
Mangal happily handed over Bhim to his neighbour. Suresh put Bhim under yoke and began

whipping him. Bhim had to go round and round the crushing mill. If he slowed down, Suresh did not forget to whip him at once. The experience was awful. Bhim saw dark. He had to work for two days and that seemed to him like two long ages.

Bhim was restored to his master after two days; but he was loaned out to a carter for a week.

The experience was hardly better. The carter wished to make as many trips as possible between two bazars. He too was an expert at whipping. Bhim had to run and run. He longed to see his own master, Mangal, but the carter even wouldn't let him look this side or that!

The next to borrow Bhim was

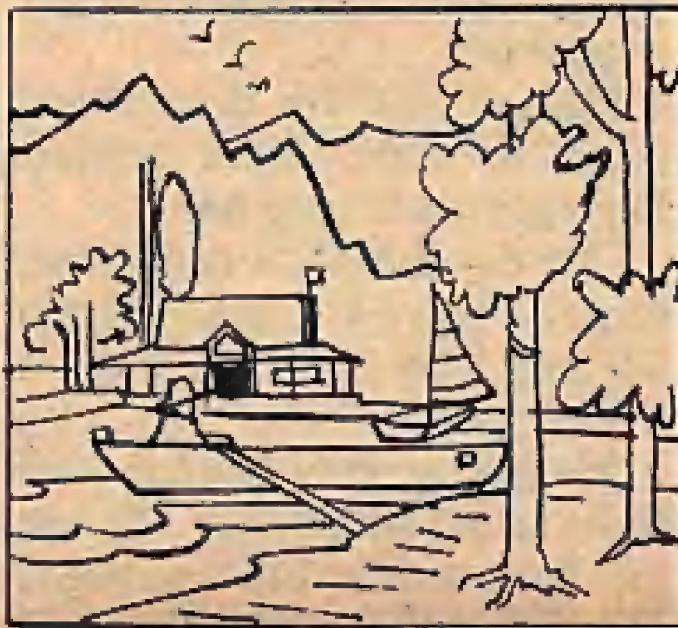
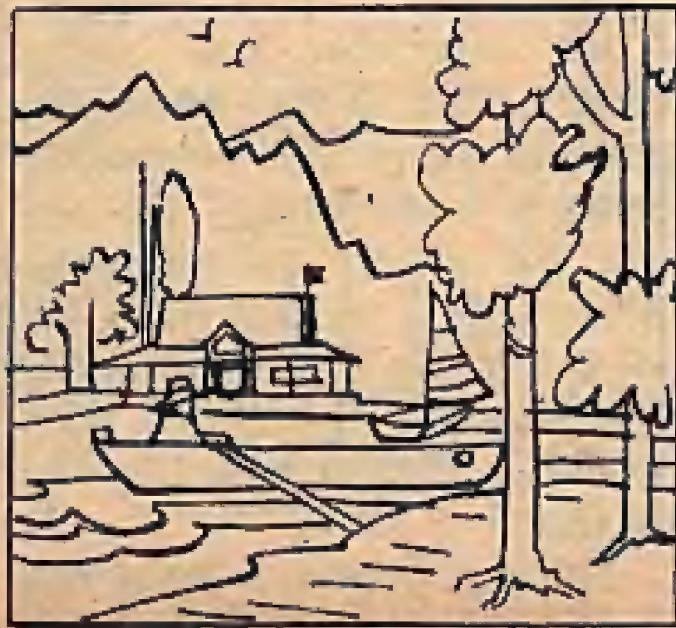


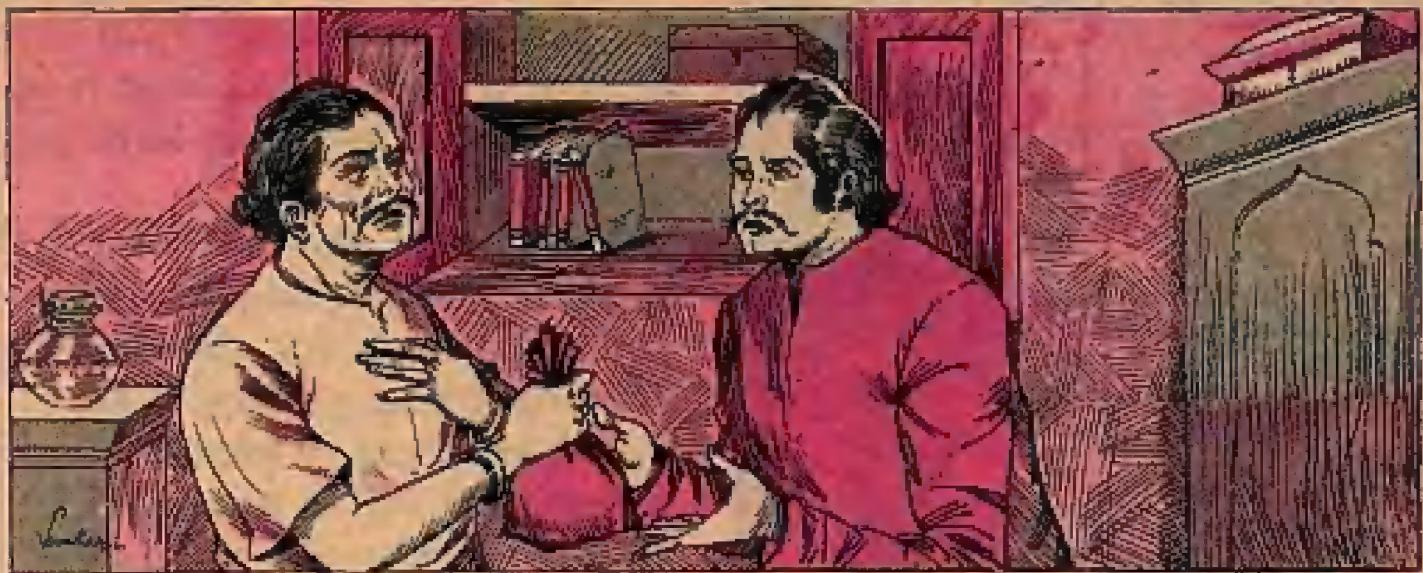
a farmer who employed him to draw water from a well. Bhim was tied to a rod. He would be made to take a few steps forward so that the water-pot came out of the well; but what was worse, he must go backward so that the water-pot would sink in the well.

There was nothing as bad as this. Bhim felt like going mad.

Then he returned to his master and heaved a sigh of relief. When Mangal led him to his field for ploughing, he behaved fine. Mangal too heaved a sigh of relief.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE LOST BAG FOUND

Harihar had two sons, Shiv and Govind. Shiv worked as a clerk in a factory in the town, while Govind stayed in the village and helped his father in farming.

Govind had once gone to the town, to his brother. Harihar suddenly had a heart-attack. He had a feeling that he was going to die. He called his rich neighbour, Bhusan, the money-lender, and handing over a bag containing ten thousand rupees, said, "Let this remain in your custody. This is meant for my sons."

Bhusan went home to put the bag in his safe chest. Upon his return he saw that Harihar had

already breathed his last.

Bhusan sent an urgent message to the town. Shiv and Govind reached home at midnight.

After the funeral rites for Harihar were over, the two brothers met Bhusan. They held a scrap of paper they had found under their deceased father's pillow.

This is what was scribbled on the paper: "I do not think that I can survive the heart-attack. I have handed over a bag with ten thousand rupees to Bhusan. Receive the bag from him. He is rich and intelligent. You should seek his advice in whatever you do."



are, you perhaps forgot all about the bag after you had kept it in a safe place. Why not look for it once?"

"How dare you take me to be that irresponsible? I say, you must look for the bag in your own house. You'll get it if you are lucky. Otherwise the wisest thing will be to keep quiet about it," blurted out Bhusan.

"Thank you, uncle, we should do as you say, for father, in his note, had asked us to abide by your advice," said Shiv.

They looked for the bag at every nook and corner of their house. However, the doubt that Bhusan was trying to deceive them took a firm root in their mind. And, before long, they became sure of it. Another neighbour - who, unknown to Bhusan, had observed him hurriedly going out with the bag, confided to the brothers even the colour of the bag.

Shiv and Govind met Bhusan again and said that they failed to trace the bag. "It must be hidden somewhere. We may tumble upon it some day," said Shiv.

Bhusan nodded.

"Uncle, Govind is unable to take care of the farm alone. I too do not feel like going to

Bhusan showed surprise. Then he smiled and said, "My friend Harihar must have decided to hand over the money to me. Perhaps death came a bit too early, before he had any time to pass it on to me. I think the bag must be lying hidden somewhere in your house itself."

The two brothers stood looking at each other. A little later Shiv said, "I must admit that I feel rather intrigued. Our father never left anything incomplete. He was not the man who would put down in writing that he had done something unless he had really done it. Maybe, uncle, busy that you

the town leaving him here. What is your advice?" asked Shiv.

Bhusan knew that Shiv was an honest and able worker. He said, "I think you would do good to stay on here. If you devote a part of your time to look into my account, I shall pay you accordingly."

Shiv accepted the offer.

In a few months Shiv proved his efficiency. Bhusan came to depend on him more and more. Needless to say, Bhusan paid Shiv much less than he deserved.

Shiv learnt where Bhusan deposited his wealth. It was in a large chest, always covered with dirty clothes, so that nobody's attention went to it.

It was a rainy night. Bhusan heard a knock on his door. Upon opening it, he saw a princely figure, accompanied by four men who looked like his officers, greeting him.

"I am the prince of Mahi. I am being chased by enemies. They are, of course, far behind. But I cannot hide at wish unless I have left my valued chest that contains my wealth somewhere. I heard that you are the only nobleman in this locality. Will you mind keeping the chest for a year? If I do not turn up to claim it, you can distribute its



content among the needy at the year-end," said the prince.

Bhusan was thrilled at the prospect of being the custodian of a prince's wealth.

"Your wealth shall be safe with me," he said.

The companions of the prince carried the chest into his house and left it near Bhusan's own chest. Then the party left.

Bhusan looked at the chest, covered with a dazzling yellow silk, for a long time. Then he went to sleep.

Shiv emerged from the chest when he was sure that Bhusan was asleep. He knew his snoozing!

He removed the silk cover from his chest and put it on Bhusan's. He laid the clothes that used to cover Bhusan's chest, on his chest.

Then he hid in a corner. Soon thereafter Bhusan heard knocks on his door again. This time the knocks were louder.

He opened the door and stepped back as some sepoys pushed in.

"We are the king's sepoys. A pirate prince seems to have met you a little while ago. You are a party to his conspiracy. We accuse you of treason!" the sepoys shouted.

Bhusan looked pale as a ghost.

"Believe me, I know nothing of any conspiracy or treason. A party, led by a prince, deposited a chest with me. That is all. You can take it away,

but please spare me," appealed Bhusan.

"Where is the chest?" asked the sepoys.

"There, the one with a yellow silk cover," replied Bhusan.

The sepoys left, carrying the chest with them. Bhusan passed the night shivering with fear.

In the morning he found the chest lying in his own compound. He felt bewildered. It was his own chest. He opened it and saw that not a single item was missing—except the bag given to him by Harihar.

Next day Shiv told Bhusan, "Uncle, it is a matter of great happiness that we just found out the bag left by our father. I can no more work at yours. We are planning to expand our farming. That will claim all my time."

Bhusan understood.



A Lesson from A Tree

Long long ago, the land of Mithila was ruled by a king called Mahayanak. He was as brave as he was just. His reign was marked by peace and prosperity. He was loved and revered by all.

In those days people lived long. Mahayanak devoted all his time to the affairs of his kingdom and that he did for many years. In doing so, he never showed any sign of disgust.

The king had a large orchard which he visited once every season.

One evening, early in summer, the king rode out to his orchard. He was followed by his ministers, generals, courtiers and a retinue of servants.

Inside the orchard not far from the gate, stood two mango trees. One of them abounded in ripe mangoes. They had not been plucked because it was the privilege of the king to have





the first fruit of the tree.

The king, still seated on his horse, plucked a mango and ate it.

"It is extremely delicious," he said. Then he moved forward.

Now that the king had had the first mango of the tree, his ministers had no hesitation in plucking plenty of the fruits for themselves. The generals and courtiers followed suit. They had fallen back and were out of the king's sight. Freely they went on ransacking the tree till they had eaten up its last ripe fruit.

Behind them were the king's

servants. Only raw mangoes were left for them. They threw stones at the fruits to make them fall. Some climbed the tree. While bending the branches to lay their hands on the fruits, they broke a number of boughs.

In an hour the tree was bereft of its last fruit. The last batch of the servants who could not get any mango were vengeful against the tree and, for no profit though, they broke its branches and scattered its leaves.

After a round of the orchard the king came near the same tree again. He was shocked to see its pitiable condition.

"Only a little while ago this tree looked so beautiful with its fruits and foliage. How was it reduced to such a battered state?" he asked.

"As you know, my lord, it bore extremely sweet fruits. Once you had had the first fruit, the others were in a haste to enjoy them. They competed with one another in plucking as many fruits as possible. This sad sight is the result of their greedy and careless conduct," said the orchard-keeper.

"But how come that the mango tree which stands near it has been spared?" asked the

king.

"My lord, that tree bore no mango this season. Why should anybody's attention go to it?" stated the gardener.

The ministers and the generals and the courtiers expected the king to take them to task. But he said nothing. He kept looking at the two trees till dusk enveloped them. Then he sighed and led his horse out of the orchard.

The same evening he summoned his ministers and the other important officers of his court.

"Of the two trees the one

that was rich with fruits suffered brutal attack and humiliation. One that was without any fruit stood safe. The same law applies to the world of men. I wish to shed all my riches and burdens. I wish to become safe like the tree that bore no fruit. I am retiring into the top-most room of the palace. Govern the kingdom as well as you can. You are responsible to God. Do not bother me any more."

Leaving his listeners stunned, the king retired.

A few days passed. One evening he called his barber and got his head shaved. He chan-



ged his royal garb for the robe of an ascetic. Then he began climbing down from his room atop the palace.

When his queens heard that he was leaving the palace, they came running, and rolled on the ground before the staircase.

"Do not forsake us, do not forsake your palace," they cried out. But the ascetic king quietly moved to a side and passed by them.

The queens then asked the palace-guards to hurry and put fire to some deserted houses in the town. That was done. The queens then ran and caught

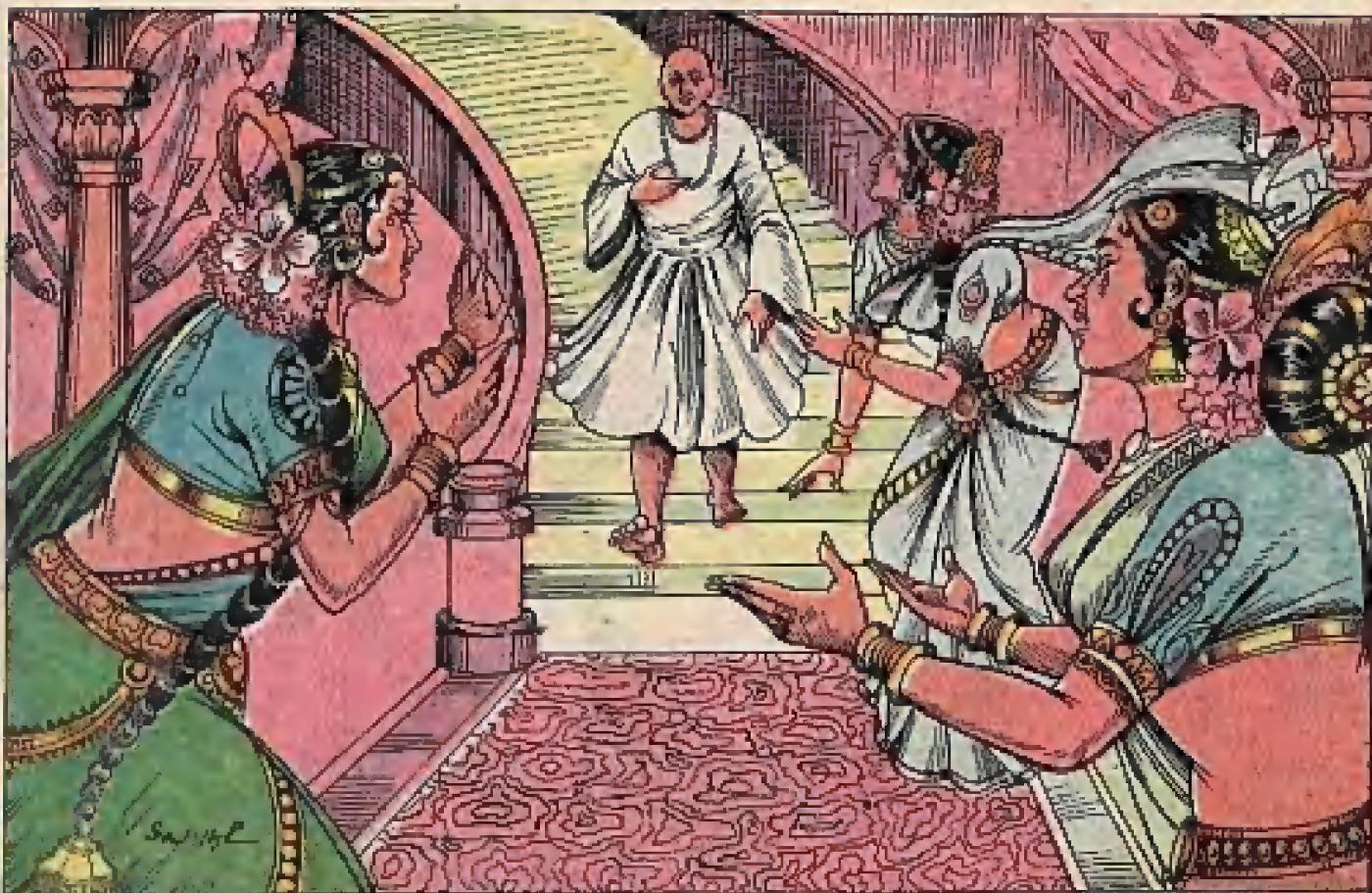
up with the king. He was advancing towards the hills.

"Look, how your kingdom is burning behind you. If not for us and not for your palace, come back at least for your kingdom," cried out the queens.

Quietly answered the king, "Had it been my kingdom, I would have paid heed to your advice. I have given up everything, not merely in word, but in my consciousness. I do not have a kingdom. In fact, I have nothing."

He resumed walking and he never looked back.

From the Buddha Jatakas.



THE WONDER AND GLORY OF ANCIENT INDIA

-unfolded in story
every month in
CHANDAMAMA



India's largest circulated
children's monthly!

ROUTINE

DAYS	1st period	2nd period	3rd period	4th period	5th period	6th period	7th period
Monday							
Tuesday							
Wednesday							
Thursday							
Friday							
Saturday							
Sunday							

CHANDAMAMA A monthly magazine for children

Where the old become younger and the young grow older.



A page-by-page orientation in Indian culture

Tales from the fabulous epics, inspiring legends, historical features plus contemporary biographies and a wealth of useful information on India. The culture of India is steeped in legend, history, religion and mythology. Even the most contemporary Indian mind cannot disregard the influence of ancient traditions, customs and beliefs.

In every Indian home, children are told tales of the valour, courage, righteousness and justice of ancient heroes, to

inculcate early in young minds a sense of values, at once at its most simplistic and at its most profound.

However, these stories are usually carried through generations by word of mouth and few concerted efforts have been made to put them into writing for children. CHANDAMAMA (Uncle Moon, a friendly, benevolent and popular figure in our folklore) was created in 1947 to fill this particular communication gap. Between then and now, it is the one premier magazine which has contributed most to the awareness of their culture among Indian children.

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CHANDAMAMA's circulation is nearing 800,000 which covers homes, schools and libraries all over India and the Far East. Its readership is estimated at least 15 per copy.

Now published in thirteen languages including English and Sinhale. CHANDAMAMA is the most popular magazine in its class.



THE GREAT QUEST

Glimpses of the Buddha's Life - 2



"No sad tale should the prince hear, no sad sight should he see," were King Suddhodana's orders. He did his best to keep Siddhartha happy. The best of singing and dancing girls were employed to give him pleasure.

To Princess Yasodhara was born a son. King Suddhodana who was afraid of his son's future, for he saw that the prince often passed into an other-worldly mood, now felt sure that the birth of a son would keep him bound to his family.

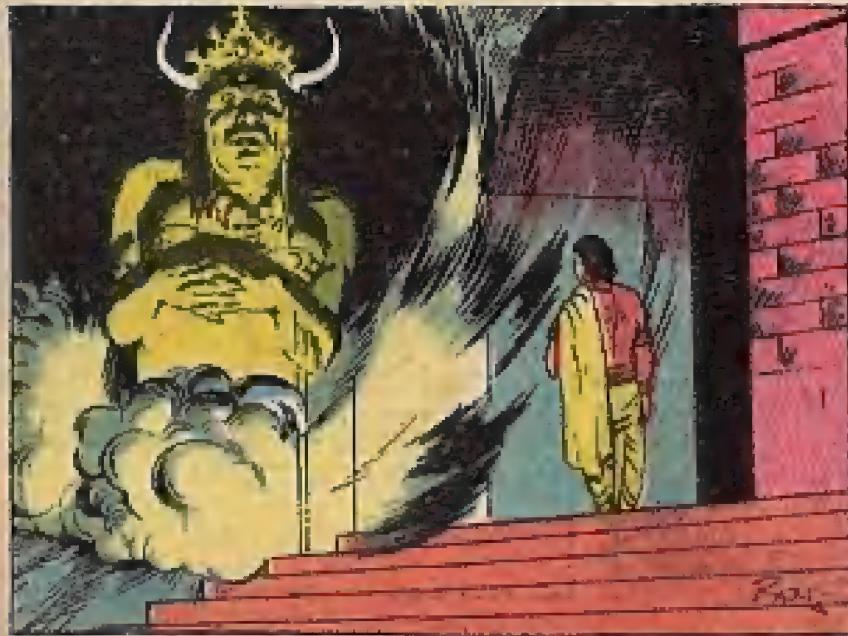


One day, with his father's permission, Siddhartha went on a visit to a park. On his way he saw a man bent with age. Upon two subsequent outings he saw a sick man and a dead body. He felt puzzled. Such sights had never met his eyes.



Upon a fourth journey, the prince's eyes fell on an ascetic who looked serene. At the prince's query, Channa explained how no human being could escape old age, sickness, and death. About the ascetic, Channa said that he had snapped his ties with the world. He sought God.

Siddhartha deeply meditated on his experiences. Why does man suffer? Why should one turn an ascetic if the world could give him satisfaction? Determined to find the answers to these problems, he left his home one night.



At the palace gate Siddhartha met a strange figure. It whispered to him, "O Prince, I assure you of great happiness and great fame. You can become the most powerful of kings. Do not depart!" This was Mara, the evil being who tries to lead all seekers astray.

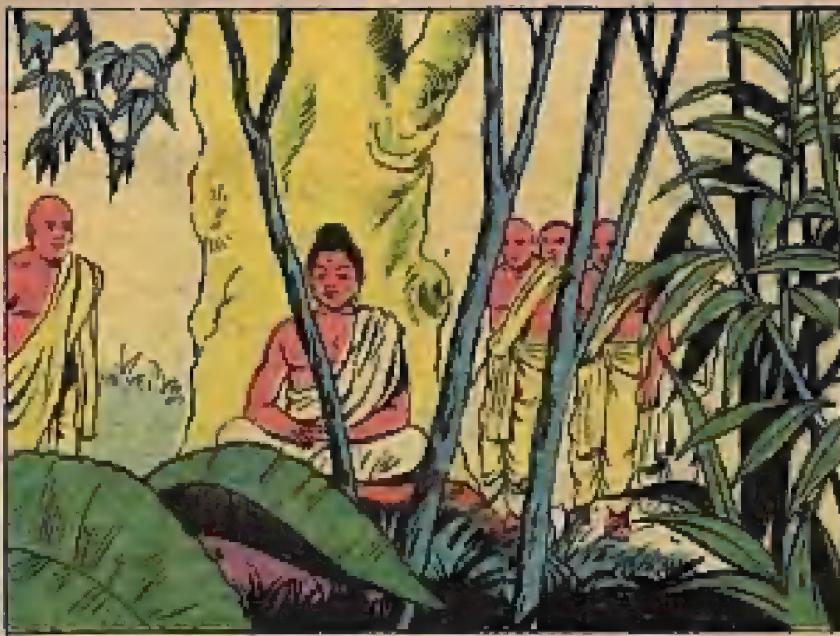
Siddhartha mounted a horse and asked his fond companion, Channa, to follow him. At the approach of the forest he got off his horse and asked Channa to return with it to the palace. He then cut off his own long hair with a stroke of his sword.



It was morning when, back in the palace, Channa disclosed to the king and the others all about the prince's departure. By then, on the other side of the forest, Siddhartha was exchanging his clothes with those of a beggar.

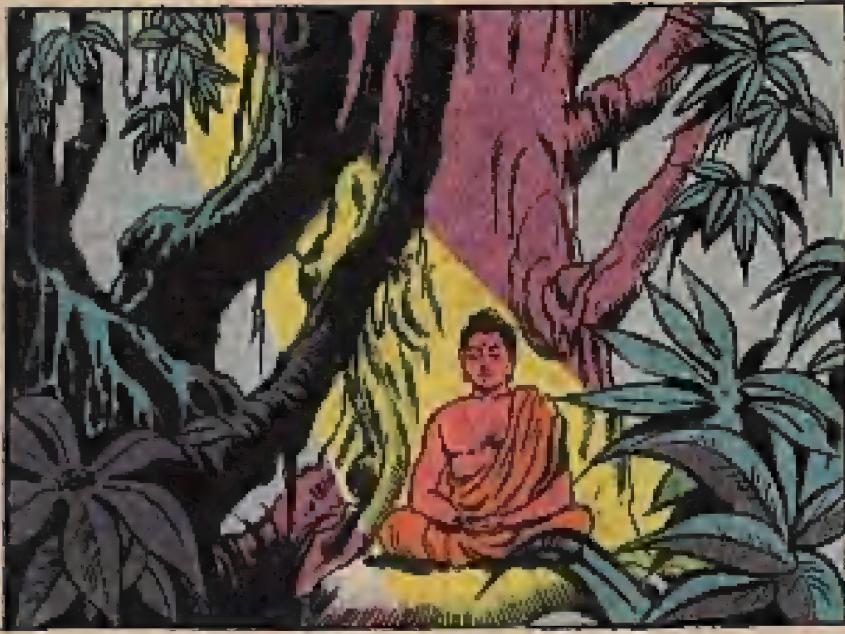
Siddhartha went from place to place, meeting famous saviors of the time like Alara Kalam and Oddaka. He learnt from them what they knew. But he felt that the truth he sought had to be found out by himself. He looked for a suitable place for his askesis.





Siddhartha reached Uruvela and sat down under a banian tree and was lost in deep meditation. Five wandering ascetics saw him. They understood that he was a great soul. They guarded him. For six years did Siddhartha remain engrossed in his self exploration.

A time came when he felt that torturing the body without food was not the way to his goal. A young lady, Sujata, came to him with some offerings of food which he accepted. The five disciples felt that he had fallen from his path. They deserted him.



Siddhartha changed over to the foot of a Bodhi tree on the river. It was a full-moon night. He felt a tremendous peace descending on him and a luminous light flashing within. He realised that at last Enlightenment had come to him. He had become the Buddha.

Along the Alakananda

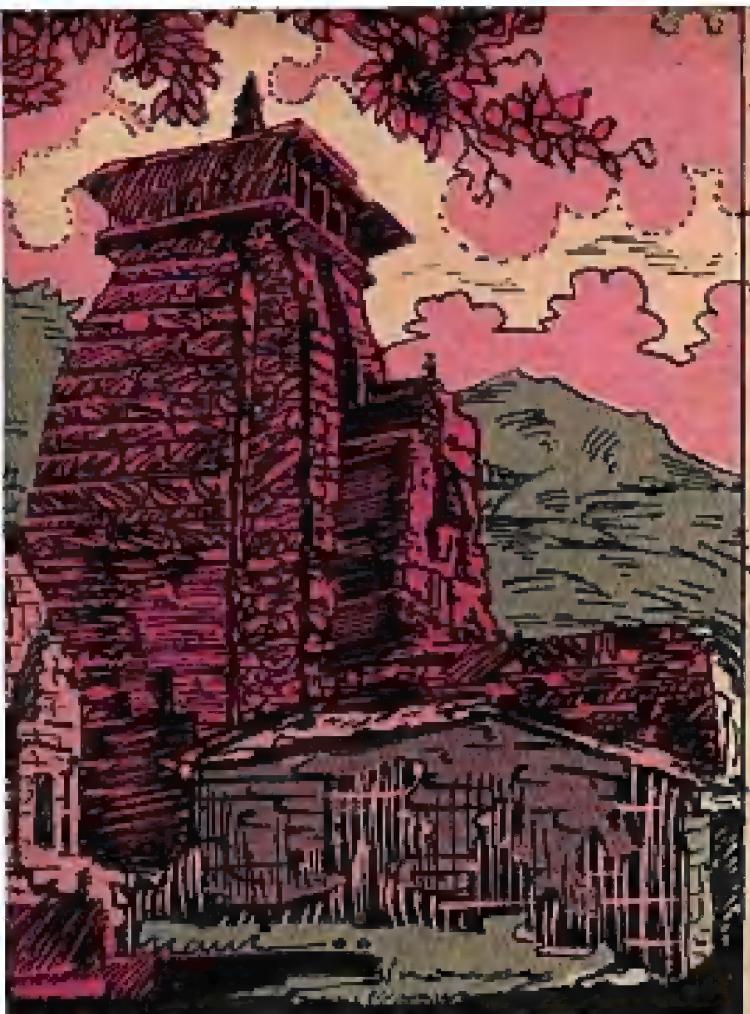
The party left Rishikesh early in the morning, by a bus. The Sadhu, as familiar with the region as a domestic cat is with a household, now became the natural leader of the party. He was an affable man and Ravi and Raman found him to be a living encyclopaedia.

"There are literally hundreds of small and big, holy spots scattered in this area. In most of them the presiding deity is the Mother Durga in her various forms," the Sadhu said.

"How did she come to dominate this region?" asked Ravi.

"Well, this is her home, isn't it? She is Parvati, the daughter of Mount Himavant—another name for the Himalayas. Then she is married to Shiva who too dwells in the Himalayas, on Mount Kailash. It was on Mount Gauri Shikhar, known to you chaps as Mount Everest, that Parvati meditated on Shiva. No wonder that she is adored and loved by the people of the Himalayas and worshipped by





sages and seekers," explained the Sadhu.

Their bus proceeded through picturesque landscapes. They crossed a sleepy little town, Devaprayag. It was there that the Alakananda and the Bhagirathi had come together. Rocks and trees—trees and rocks! Yet who could have imagined that they would make so many breath-taking sights!

The bus proceeded along the Alakananda. The boys sat silent, looking through the windows of the bus into the charming shifting scenes.

It was approaching noon when their bus stopped at the

centre of a bazar.

"We have reached Rudraprayag, our halting place for today," the Sadhu told Mr. Singh.

"What! Rudraprayag!" Ravi and Raman looked at each other, beaming with joy.

"Why, you two seem to be quite familiar with the glory of this ancient place!" exclaimed the Sadhu.

But the boys exchanged meaningful looks at this comment. To the amusement of the Sadhu and Mr. Singh, they disclosed that the name Rudraprayag was so exciting to them not because they knew anything about its ancient glory but because they were fond readers of Jim Corbett, the famous hunter. Both of them had read his book on the man-eating leopard of Rudraprayag!

The party proceeded towards a rest-house. Now it was the turn of the boys to tell a story to the Sadhu.

The leopard had proved a menance. Every morning the news of its kills reached the authority. The number went higher and higher; soon it crossed hundred!

Corbett was sent to deal with the beast. He spent sleepless

nights, moving from village to village and rock to rock. But the beast eluded him.

So many times the leopard had almost come within the range of his gun. But something or the other happened and Corbett missed it.

Thanks to Corbett's patience that in the last phase of his search for the beast, Corbett kept sitting for eleven long nights on the branch of a tree. He had tied a goat below and was expecting the leopard. He knew for certain that the leopard was in that area.

By then the leopard had killed one hundred and twentyfive men

and women. Corbett was growing desperate. He was on the verge of giving up his mission.

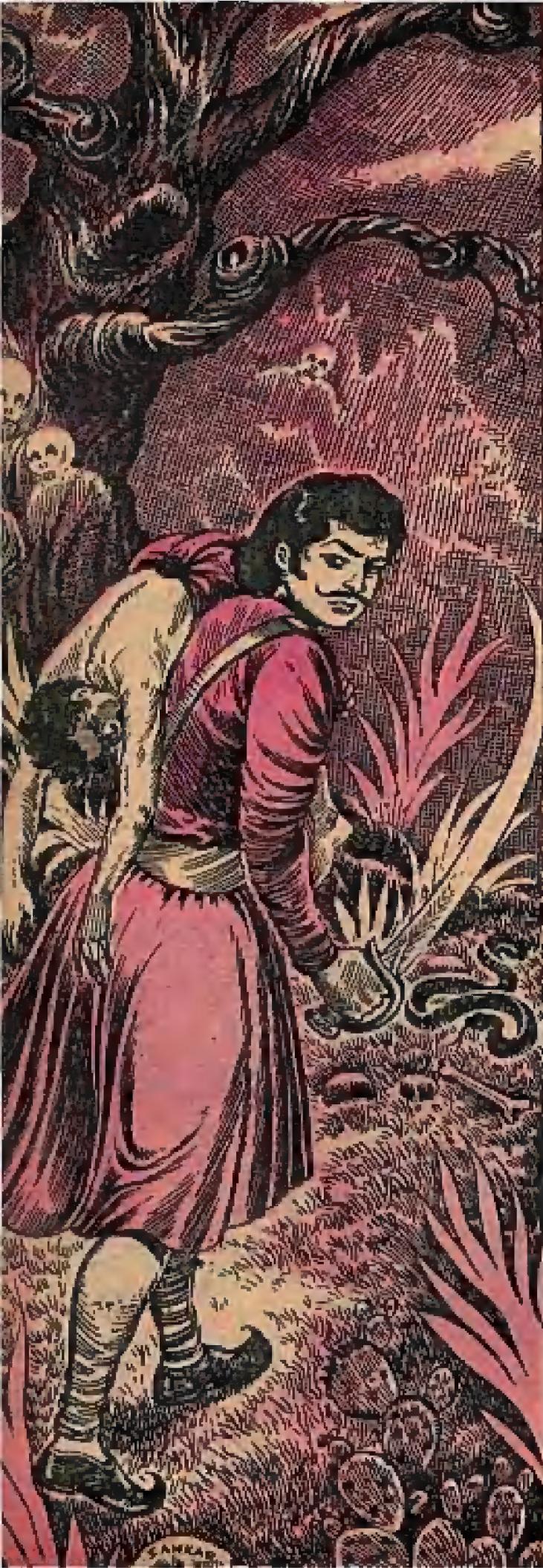
But the eleventh night proved lucky. The leopard got the scent of the goat and came closer to it. Corbett shot. The most famous man-eating leopard of all time met its end.

"Do you know, boys? The people of this place used to hold a yearly festive fair to celebrate the event, I mean, the death of the infamous leopard!" said the Sadhu.

"So, you knew about Corbett!" observed the boys.

The Sadhu smiled.





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THE MOODY MERCHANT

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time-to-time and flashes of lightning revealed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the tree again and brought the corpse down. But as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire said, "O King, wise is he who can determine his own course of action and adhere to it firmly. But there are people like Sivagupta who are rather unpredictable in their actions. I hope, you are not like him. Nevertheless, let me tell you his story. Listen with attention. That ought to bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In days gone by there were two friends, Sivagupta and Bhadra-bhusan. The ancestors of

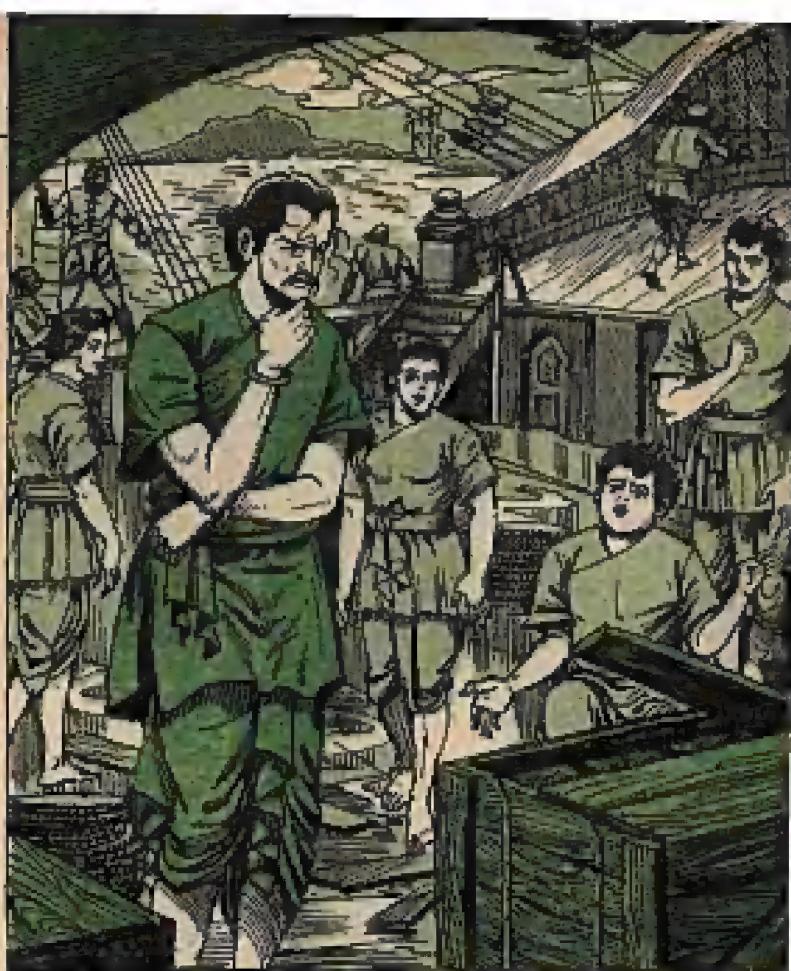
Sivagupta were prosperous merchants. But Sivagupta had taken to farming. He had proved successful and lived as a contented man.

Bhadrabhusan was a seafaring trader. At times he told his friend, Sivagupta, "Why should you not take to business? After all I am there to help you!"

"Thanks, brother, but I am quite satisfied with my vocation," used to be Sivagupta's reply.

The fact is, Sivagupta's grandfather had lost a ship in the far sea. The accident had left them in the red. The old man had died a heart-broken man. Sivagupta's father had thereafter closed down the family business and had chosen agriculture for his vocation.

One day, while Sivagupta sat alone, Bhadrabhusan met him and said, "My brother, a fellow-merchant has offered me his large ship. But I do not have so much capital to load the ship with merchandise. Think of your forefathers' love for seafaring. Should you forget them altogether? I say, accompany me in this voyage. That would be your tribute to the tradition built by your daring ancestors!"



Sivagupta accepted the proposal and decided to participate in the trading voyage. His wife murmured at his decision. But he paid no heed to it and said, "After all, I'm a merchant by my ancestry!" he sold away half his property and bought a number of items and was out for selling them in a distant island. He took his four sons with him.

But, as luck would have it, the ship encountered a terrible storm. It was about to sink. They had to throw most of their goods into the sea so that the ship would go light. Whatever remained had been spoilt by the splashing waters and had



to be sold at a nominal rate when they reached the nearest port.

Sivagupta and his sons returned home, sad. Sivagupta's wife thanked God that they had not lost their lives.

But Sivagupta's wife as well as his sons were surprised to see him quietly preparing for another voyage.

"Is the experience we just had not enough? Must we take the risk again?" asked his sons.

"I do not want you to accompany me this time," said Sivagupta, but he persisted in his preparations.

Sivagupta asked his friend

Bhadrabhusan to join him. But Bhadrabhusan said remorsefully "No, my brother, I do not have the courage to go out into the sea again. I should remain satisfied with whatever trade I can carry on here in our own town."

Sivagupta hired a ship and began his voyage. This time everything went in his favour. The weather proved most helpful. He reached his destination just when the goods he carried were in high demand. He made a fabulous profit and returned home. Then he gave his attention to farming again.

In the meanwhile Bhadrabhusan had changed his mind. He prepared for a voyage. He was confident that Sivagupta would join him. But to his surprise, Sivagupta flatly refused to go! "I am not the type of man who can take to trading; leave me alone," he said.

The vampire paused for a moment and threw this question at the king, "O King, how to explain Sivagupta's conduct? If he did not consider himself fit for trade, why at all did he go out in the first place? How is it that in spite of the catastrophic experience of the first voyage he launched a second voyage? And, after making a

great profit in the second voyage, on what ground did he decline to go out again? What is fickle-mindedness if not this? Answer me, O King, if you can. If you choose to keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Replied King Vikram without the least delay, "The demand of agriculture and the demand of trade are not the same. Farming demands patience and continuous labour. Trade demands tension and a sense of adventure.

"It is not for any fear of loss that Sivagupta refrained from trade. A merchant by his ancestry though, he had found his temperament more suited to farming. It is only when his friend inspired the memory of his forefathers that he took a

decision to go out on a voyage. It was an inspired step. The loss he suffered gave him a jolt. The spirit of adventure that lay dormant in him was awakened. He took the situation as a challenge. That is why he sailed out again. And the windfall satisfied him.

"But we must not forget that basically he was a man who was content with farming. The voyages were an inspired step. One does not continue to remain inspired for a long time. When Sivagupta returned to his normal state of mind, he gave attention to his normal work. Hence, far from being fickle-minded he was a man of maturity."

No sooner had the king concluded his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



THE TRUE BRAHMIN

Centuries ago, in the province of Sindhu lived a pious Brahmin pundit. His son loved a farmer's charming daughter.

"My father will never agree to my marrying a girl from another caste," the pundit's son expressed before one of his friends.

"Why don't you lead the girl to him and say that she was Brahmin?" said the friend.

The idea appealed to the young man. He led the girl to the old pundit and said, "Father, here is a poor Brahmin's daughter. Have I your permission to marry her?"

But the girl spoke out instantly, "Oh no, please don't give him a wrong impression. I am a farmer's daughter!"

The scholar smiled at the girl and said, "My child, whatever be your father's profession, you are Brahmin. True Brahmin is one who cannot put up with falsehood." Then, pointing his finger at his son, he said, "Now, the problem is, though a Brahmin's son, this young man is not a true Brahmin. I should feel proud to have you as my daughter-in-law if you have no objection to marry this non-Brahmin!"





THE PROOF

Long long ago there was a merchant who had a son and a daughter—Subodh and Suchitra.

At the time of his death the merchant called Subodh to his bedside and said, "I am leaving for the unknown destination. Keep up the business I have built up. And never neglect your sister."

A few months after the merchant's death, Subodh set out on a voyage for a port. He told Suchitra on the eve of his departure, "Be on your guard. Never befriend an unknown man or woman."

Upon reaching the port, Subodh went to see the king of that region and greeted him with a piece of diamond as gift. The king liked the gift very much. Not only did he allow Subodh to carry on trade in his land, but also he invited him

to dine with him. Soon he took a great liking for the young merchant. The king's son became Subodh's friend.

One day the king paid a visit to Subodh's ship. In Subodh's cabin he saw the portrait of a young lady and grew curious to know who she was.

"My lord, this is a portrait of my only sister, Suchitra," said Subodh.

"I wonder if she is as sweet in her nature as she is beautiful," observed the king.

"My lord, my praising my own sister won't sound modest. But, with respect for truth, I can declare that I am yet to find a girl who is sweeter in nature than Suchitra," Subodh declared proudly.

"In that case I would like to have her as my daughter-in-law!" said the good-natured



"How dare you speak a lie!" shouted Subodh.

"This is no lie. On a visit to her town, I had once hired her for dancing and singing before me," boasted the wicked commander.

Subodh was feeling like pouncing upon the fellow and throttling him. The king understood the state of his mind. Nevertheless, he was puzzled. After a moment's reflection, he said, "My commander, if the girl can sing and dance, that is fine. But if she is of no good character, then, of course, I must punish Subodh for trying to deceive me. I give you a month's time. Prove that Suchitra is a bad girl."

The commander left for Subodh's town. Subodh was detained there.

The commander knew an old woman who was crafty and clever. He paid her handsomely and sent her to Suchitra.

With her sweet words and flattering conduct, the woman succeeded in gaining Suchitra's confidence. One day she stole Suchitra's valuable ring and came over to the commander. She gave him the ring and also confided to him that Suchitra had a big mole on her shoulder.

king, clapping his hands.

Subodh was delighted, for he knew the prince to be a youth of commendable qualities.

The king had been accompanied by his commander. Now, it so happened that the commander had grown quite jealous of Subodh. Besides he had a different plan for the prince's marriage which would benefit him. Moreover, he was wicked enough to utter lies downright when it served his purpose.

"My lord, this girl is of no good character. In fact, she is a courtesan," said the commander.

The commander returned to his king and said, "Look here, my lord, Suchitra spent two days dancing and I could buy this ring off her. And, for your information, she has a dark mole on her shoulder back."

Subodh stood with his head hung in shame. He was a truthful man. He had to admit that the ring was his sister's and that she indeed had a dark mole on her shoulder.

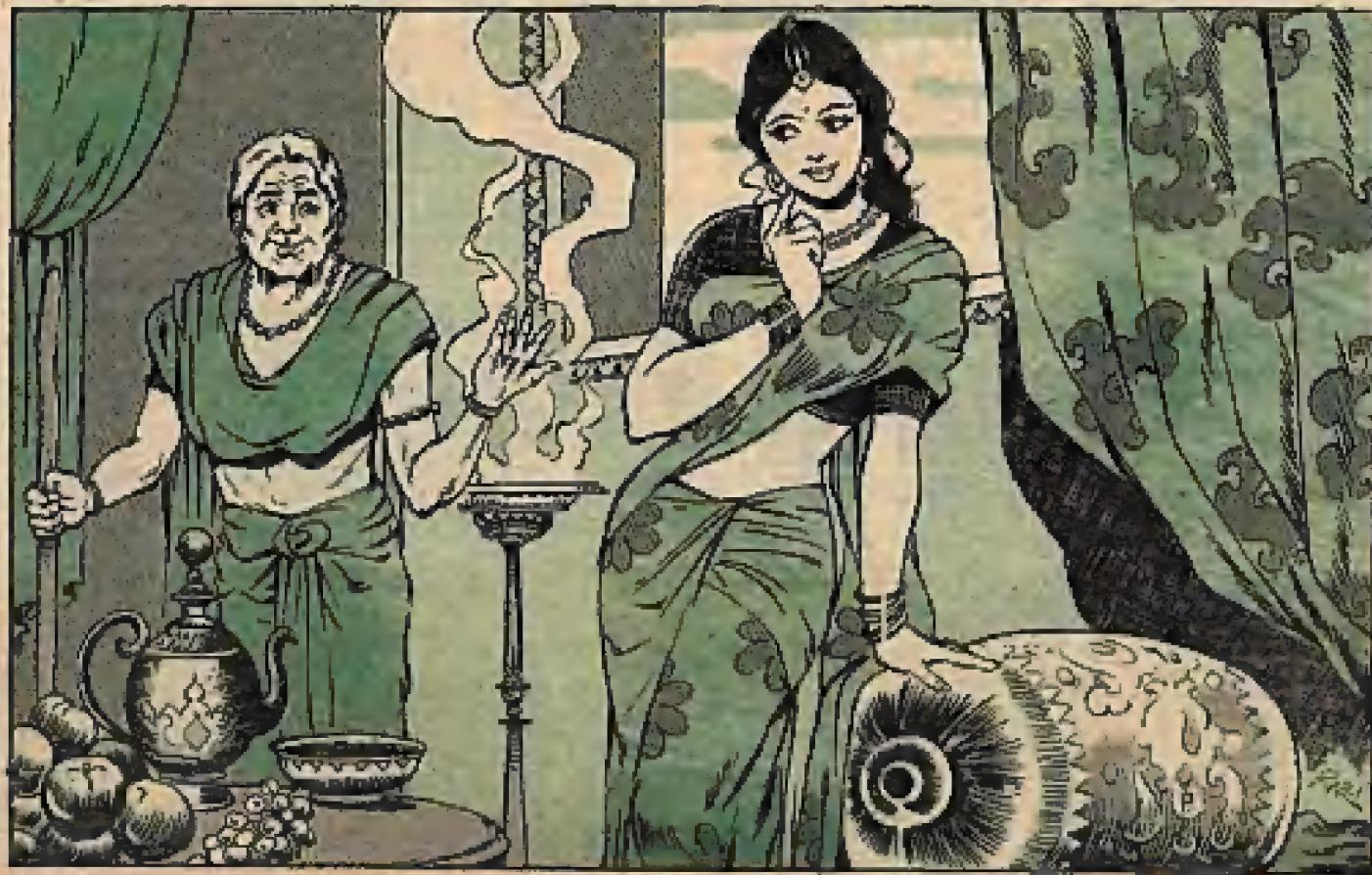
"Hm!" the king sounded as solemn as an owl. "That my commander could win her ring and take note of the dark mole shows what kind of girl Suchitra is. Now, Subodh, you must die!"

The commander tittered. Subodh wiped his eyes and said, "My lord, I don't mind dying. But what upsets me is that this villain should get away with his lies. However, kindly allow me to meet my sister once before I die. Let me send for her."

The king conceded to the request. Subodh explained the situation in a letter to Suchitra and sent his ship to fetch her.

Suchitra repented for having allowed the old woman any access to her. However, she boarded the ship and started for the port forthwith.

On reaching her destination Suchitra hastened to the court



and met the king.

Pointing to a diamond earring she wore in one of her ears, she said, "My lord, do you know what happened to the other earring of the pair? Your commander stole it. I demand that he be put to trial."

The surprised king summoned his commander and told him what the accusation against him was.

"My lord, I don't know who this young lady is. I never saw her before. Where is the question of my stealing her earring? This is absurd!" declared the commander.

"Absurd, is it? excellent," commented Suchitra sarcastically. Then, looking at the king, she said, "My lord, I am Suchitra. This fellow has now spoken the truth. He never saw me before. Now you can

judge how much truthful he has been before in his statements regarding me!"

The king cast a stern look at the commander. He grew nervous. Soon he confessed to his having spoken blatant lies about Suchitra.

The king realised how, with the help of so called proof, a lie can be made to appear true.

"Let all know that it is a grave crime to spread scandal against an innocent girl. My commander, you must die!" were the king's last words on the case.

The commander was dragged away by the court guards as he wailed and howled.

The king apologised to Subodh and was all praise for Suchitra's courage. Suchitra married the prince.



KUMAR SINGH

It was evening. Two famed British commanders met in a camp. They shook hands and sat down for a drink. One was General Le Grand. The other was Lord Mark Kerr who had won a laurel for his captainship of the British army in the Crimean War.

The East India Company had brought these two able generals together to fight an old man, a Bihari landlord. The two officers had doubts about the wis-

dom of the Company in using the talents of two renowned commanders like them against an old man of whom they had never heard.

They cracked jokes and raised their glasses.

From the not too distant forest was heard a jubilant cry. Many voices shouted, "Hail to our leader, Kumar Singh!"

The two commanders immediately summoned an Indian officer and asked him, "Are





these naive villagers singing the praise of the petty landlord?"

"Yes, Sahibs. For your information, he may be a petty landlord, but he is the lord of the hearts of tens of thousands of people. Better be careful in dealing with him," said the native officer.

The two commanders laughed and waved the native out of their room. But their faces fell. In silence they heard the fading voices of the rebels. Then they kept aside their drinks and discussed the strategy they were to follow to deal with Kumar Singh.

Next day General Le Grand

was to go in a certain direction and Mark Kerr in another, to seek out the enemy.

It was General Le Grand's lot to meet Kumar Singh. His army swooped down upon Kumar Singh's. Smoke and shouts blinded and deafened all for a few moments. Let us see what happened thereafter from a record left by a British army officer:

"It makes me extremely ashamed to write what followed. We began flying out of the jungles, leaving the battle-field and being constantly beaten by the enemy. Our people, dying of thirst, rushed forth at the sight of a wretched, dirty pool of water, in the most confused manner possible. Just then, the horses of Kumar Singh closed upon our rear. Henceforth, there was no limit to our disgrace, and the disaster was complete. No sense of shame was left in any one of us. Everyman ran wherever he thought his safety lay. Orders were thrown to the winds. Discipline and drill were dead. In all directions, nothing could be heard but sighs, curses and wailings. Bands of Europeans dropped dead in the flight by sunstroke. Nor was it possible

to ask for medicine; for, the dispensary was already captured by Kumar Singh. Some died there and then; the rest were cut down by the enemy: the carriers dropped the *dolis* and fled; all was confusion—all terror! Sixteen elephants were all full-laden with the burden of the wounded. General Le Grand himself was shot dead by a bullet in his breast! Soldiers running for their lives for five miles and more had now no strength, even for lifting up their guns.....We were led into this jungle like cattle into the slaughter house.....”

Kumar Singh, who was also known as Kunwar Singh, was the landlord of Jagdishpur. It was a large estate and not a petty one as the commanders imagined. The British had taken over his estate on a flimsy ground. Kumar Singh was then seventyfive and the British never suspected that he could ever cause them any trouble.

But as soon as the great Sepoy Mutiny broke out in 1857, Kumar Singh took the leadership of the rebels in Bihar. In fact, his activities were not confined to Bihar. At Nana Sahib's call he proceeded to Kanpur and took a leading role



in Nana's fight against the British on the outskirts of the city.

From Kanpur Kumar Singh suddenly went to attack Azamgarh, a stronghold of the Company, and drove the British out of the area. He had perfected the art of what is now known as the guerilla warfare. He would often raid the British camp when least anticipated and destroy it in no time. He would pounce upon an advancing British battalion from its rear and harass it.

Kumar Singh fought numerous Battles and was victorious in most of them. He was near-

ing eighty and no doubt he would have still given more battles. But a cannon ball from the British shattered his right hand below the wrist.

No cry of agony came out of his lips. Such was the patience of this old hero! There was no physician to attend upon him. When he realised that the hand had to be amputated, he stood in the waters of the Ganga and, with the help of a sword held by the left hand, chopped off the right hand himself.

"Mother Ganga! This is an offering from your child!" he said as the severed hand was carried away by the flow.

Even after this he fought a

battle and inflicted a crushing defeat on the enemy! But he had caught a bad fever—as a result of the loss of the right hand and several other wounds. He died on April 24, in the year 1858. His worthy younger brother, Amar Singh, took over the command of his army, and fought bravely. Like Nana Sahib he then disappeared mysteriously.

People still sing:

Old was he in flesh and beard

And all his outer being
But who was younger in
heart and spirit
Than Raja Kumar

Singh?



VALUE OF HELP

A terrible cyclone devasted a district in the kingdom of Sompur.

"My lord, we must take steps to carry succour to the people immediately," said the minister.

"Do you think I was wasting time waiting for your counsel? I have taken steps already," the king announced proudly.

The king had sent a number of his officers to determine what ought to be the form of the help. After three days the officer made reports saying that while some people wanted help in the form of rice, others wanted money.

The king was confused. He set up a committee of his courtiers to study the situation and give a decision in favour of either rice or money.

After a week the committee gave its decision in favour of money. The king distributed money generously among the cyclone-hit people.

Some days later the king donned a disguise and went out to see the situation himself. He returned disgusted and told the minister, "The people are so ungrateful! I did not hear even one of them praising me though I distributed so much money. But they are all praise for a merchant. All he had done was to distribute breads and pickle the day after the cyclone."

"My lord, timely help is the most unforgettable help. Breads when the people were hungry and had no ovens to cook were much more valuable than gold," explained the minister.





THE SAGA OF SHIVA

The fame of the city of Kashi reached every nook and corner of the earth. The people there lived amidst happiness and prosperity. They were all worshippers of Shiva—known there as Lord Viswanath. As they did not lack in anything, whoever visited the city received plenty of gifts or alms.

Vyasa, the great sage, heard much about the city. He grew curious. "Can there be a city on earth that was affluent to this extent?" he wondered. He decided to pay a visit to the city and see for himself whether all that he heard was true or not.

Vyasa announced his decision to his disciples. The disciples were delighted. They dreamt of the excellent dishes that awaited them in Kashi. They were eager to accompany their master to the city.

One fine morning Vyasa and his disciples reached Kashi. They camped in a public rest-house and, after a dip in the Ganga, went out for collecting their ration from the house-holders.

They scattered in all directions and returned to the rest house in the evening. But everyone, including Vyasa himself, looked pale. They exchanged their experiences. It was strange that no one had been able to collect even a morsel of food!

"Today might be a day when it is forbidden to give alms," one of them said.

"There is no day when alms-giving is forbidden!" protested another.

"Wait for tomorrow!" said Vyasa.

The party went without food

for the day. Next day they were in the streets again. But the experience was repeated. Some householders said that they were in no position to give anything in charity. Some others simply shut their doors on their faces. They felt extremely humiliated.

The third day was no different. On the eighth day when to Vyasa's repeated call no response came from a house, Vyasa got furious. He raised his hands high and was about to cry out a terrible curse on the city.

But just then the door opened. An elderly lady fixed her gaze on Vyasa and said, "Stop!"

Lo and behold! Vyasa could not bring his hands down. Both stood looking at each other for a few moments. Then the lady smiled and Vyasa was able to move his hands freely again.

"You have no reason to be annoyed with this city," said the lady.

"No reason? For days together we had no food. Nobody offered us any hospitality. How do you say that I had no reason to feel annoyed?" asked Vyasa.

The lady smiled benignly and said, "Bring your disciples. I shall be pleased to feed you."



Vyasa saw that it would be wiser to accept the offer than to argue with the lady. He hurried back to the camp. The starving disciples had stopped moving about. They were lying half dead. He asked them to follow him. Soon they were in the lady's house.

Banana leaves were spread before them. They were also given potfuls of water. But no food was served.

They blinked at the lady who stood surveying them.

"What for do you wait? Why don't you begin eating?" she asked them.

Vyasa was going to burst



forth in anger when his eyes happened to fall on the leaf before him. A variety of delicious items had cropped up on it!

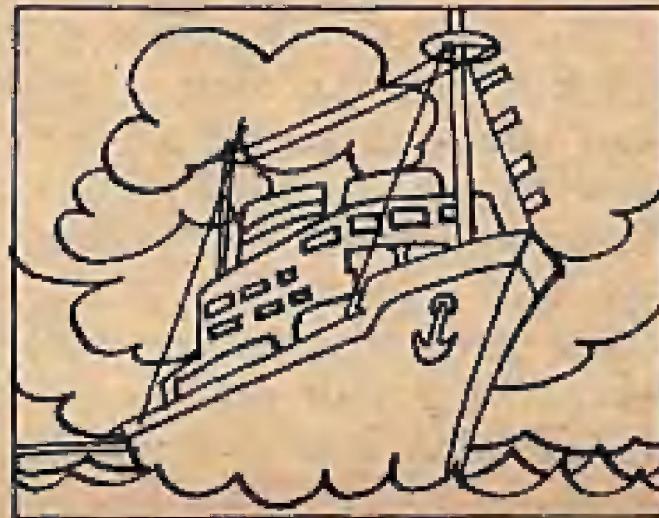
Soon the disciples saw that each one had got his own favourite items!

They went on eating without a word. When they were completely satisfied, they looked at their kind hostess. In her place stood Parvati, full of compassion. Shiva too was there beside her.

"Do you understand why you and your disciples had to suffer? You had not come here with any devotion. It is an idle curiosity on your part and a bit of greed on the part of your disciples that had attracted you to Kashi. Is that the attitude with which one should visit this sacred city?" asked Shiva.

Vyasa realised his error. He paid his homage to Shiva and Parvati and left Kashi with his party.

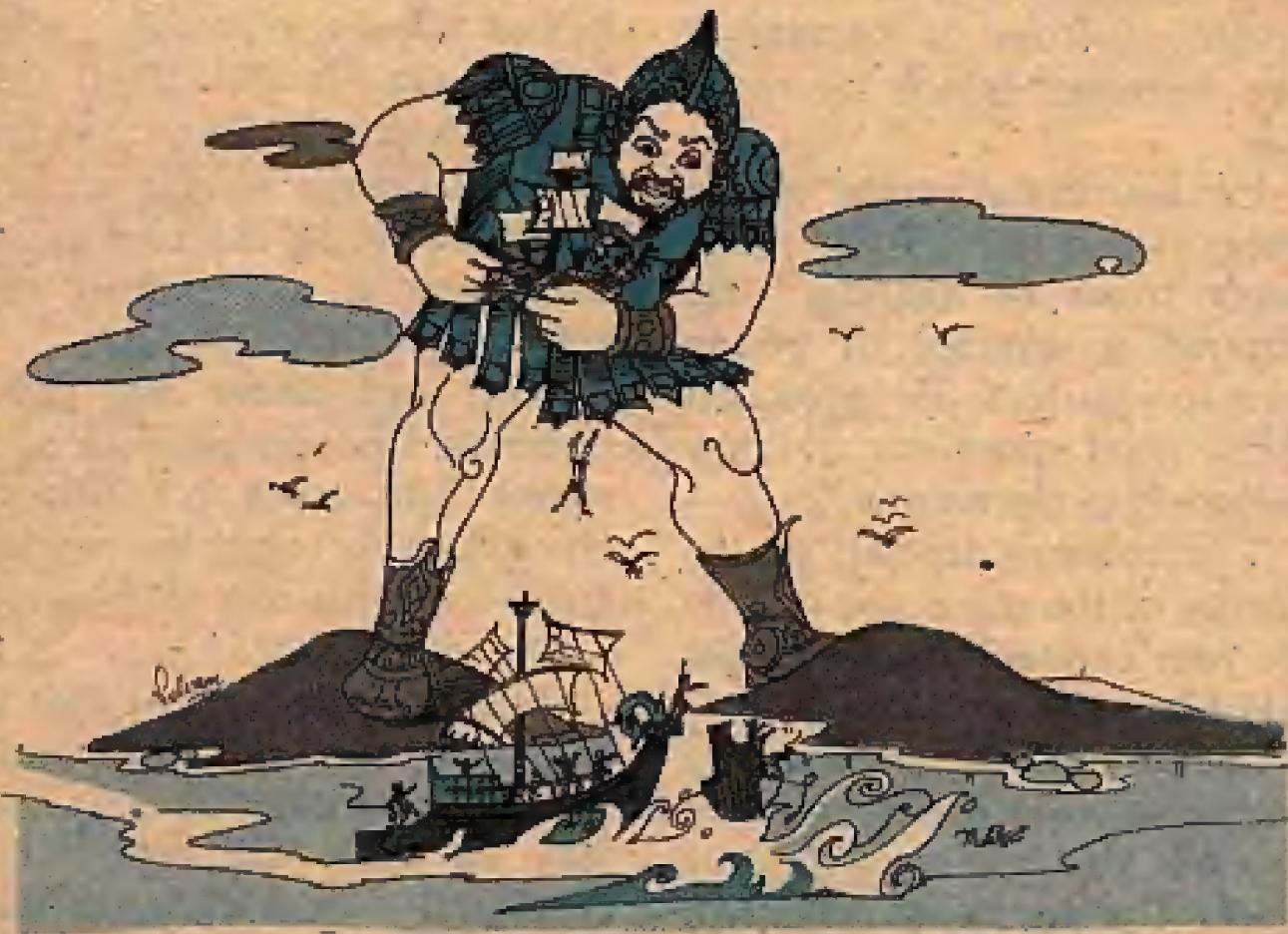
WONDER WITH COLOURS



MAN WHO LIFTED SHIPS!

The Island of Sicily was under an attack from the Romans. The enemy came in ships and were nearing the town of Syracuse. It was evening. Something fantastic happened. The Romans found their ships going up; leaving the waters! The giant hands that lifted the ships then dropped them suddenly. With a crash the ships sank.

From the hill-top on the shore of Syracuse, a strange apparatus bent down and caused this havoc to the Roman ships. That was the forerunner of the modern giant crane. The man who had invented it was Archimedes. This was in the 3rd century B.C.





An Excellent Answer!

There was an ambitious young man called Chandrahas. He became desirous of founding a new kingdom which he could rule.

He befriended some retired warriors and learnt from them many tricks of fighting. He inspired a number of young men to join him. He promised them good positions if they helped him become a king.

"Your success depends on the quality of the place you choose for your capital," an astrologer told Chandrahas.

Chandrahas, accompanied by his minister-designate, roamed about in search of an auspicious place. Upon a meadow the two saw a pack of hounds chasing

some rabbits. Suddenly, at one point, the rabbits stopped and turned upon the hounds. The hounds ran for their lives!

Chandrahas felt sure that the place had some strange quality inherent in it. He built his small fort upon it and named the settlement Rabbit City.

With hard labour and good planning, Chandrahas built up a strong fortification on a hillock. His officers brought the nearby areas under his rule. It became a nice little town.

When the king heard that a certain young man claimed himself the king over an area, he sent an army to fight him. Chandrahas had enrolled the youths of a local tribe as his

soldiers. "He told them, "Such is the quality of this place that no enemy can defeat us. Fight on bravely."

His small army had great faith in him. They fought with exemplary courage and crushed the king's army. Thrilled with the success, Chandrahas invaded the king's capital. The king was not prepared for this. He fled. Chandrahas became the king of the whole land. But he continued to rule from Rabbit City.

Chandrahas was succeeded to the throne by Padmasen, his son. The young king spent all his time in merrymaking. One day the descendants of the defeated king suddenly attacked Rabbit City.

"Don't worry, my lord, this place is invincible," said Padmasen's young minister, who

was the son of the late Chandrahas's minister.

Nevertheless, Padmasen was badly defeated! He and his minister had an hair-breadth escape!

"How on earth could we be defeated?" asked Padmasen.

"I've the answer ready, my lord!" said his young minister. "Such is the quality of Rabbit City that whoever is weaker wins there! The rabbits were weaker than the hounds; so they won. Your father was weaker than the old king; so, he won. The present invader is weaker than you; so he won! Your defeat only shows how strong you are!"

Padmasen felt flattered. "My wise minister, it is a pity that I have no means to reward you for your excellent answer," he replied.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Gopal Shroti



Mr. Mohan D. Desai

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs .25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the April '80 goes to:

Mr. S. B. Kallianpur, 1070 Upstairs, II Stage,
Rajaji Nagar, Bangalore 560 010.

The Winning Entry: 'Playful Repose' - 'Rueful Pose'



PICKS FROM
OUR MAIL BAG

Dear Sir,

In recent years there has been a marked growth in the number of English magazines in India. But such is the irony of the situation that one must think ten times before bringing even one of them home. They vie with one another in giving articles or pictures that are unhealthy, particularly for the youngsters. The *Chandamama* is an oasis in this gloomy situation. Its circulation is a proof that good things too can be popular.

Pratap Bhonsle, Bombay

RING TERRRING RING !!!!
Rachit Kumar rides to school on a new red bike.

Bachat Kumar rides to school on a new red bike.



Bachat Kumar is going to school.
Look at him! Round and round he goes,
Tring trrrring ring!



"Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful bike!" says Bholu with a tear in his eye.

*I wish I had money
for a new red bike.*

And the bully Babbar Sher
roars with envy.



*Go to class you show-off
And leave your silly
bike behind.*



"No-no-no!" squeals Bachal Kumar.
"This is my new red bike.
No one but me will ride
It's bought with my own money
I've been saving in my tummy!"



This is what they decide:

Lamboo will chase Bachal Kumar. As soon as Bachal Kumar gets to the corner, Bak bak will give a warning whistle.

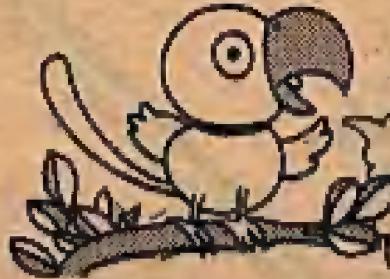
Then Petu will block the way.
And Tattu Singh will give a kick!
Off he'll go—and the bike
will be all theirs.



Know what happened?

When Lambooji started chasing Bachat Kumar, he took off on his new red bike. Faster than anybody could think. Faster than a wink.

Mithu-kaka had been watching all this happen from his tree. He opened one eye and spoke:



Come along children.
Save your money and have
more fun.

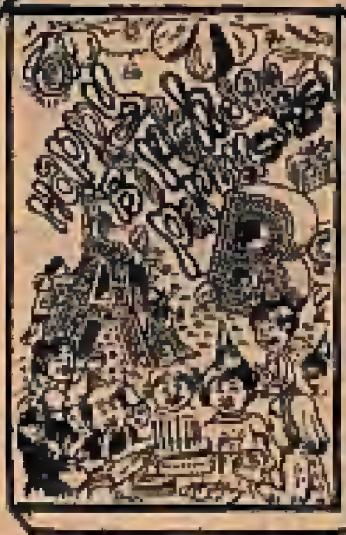
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Let's come closer

Children's Favourite Songs

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Tel : 842446

Childrens Favourites

A London Bridge, Mulberry Bush, Old Mac Donald Had A Farm, Sing A Song, Of Six Pence To Market To Market Skip To My Ley, Sweet And Low Calender Song, Alphabet Song, Mary Had A Little Lamb, Peas porridge Hot, Simple Simon, Little Jack Horner Three blind mice, A Frog He Would Be A Wee ing Go, Hickory Dock, Hey Diddle Diddle, Old King Cole, C. Chim Chim Cherree, Super-Kali-Fragil - Ietic - Expl - Ali-Docious, Rock A Bye Baby.

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music.*

GOLD-LION

Let us meet...
for a Bubblegum treat



007
BUBBLE GUM



AN



PRODUCT

SWAYAMVAR

No sooner Rupa's marriage with Lakshman is performed than the myth that Lakshman was a prince is exploded.

Rupa reacts sharply. She would have nothing to do with a pretender.

Lakshman pretends even further - that Rupa's rejection has driven him to despair and drink! The crisis deepens.

But soon it is revealed that all of Lakshman is not pretension! He is a daring youth and Rupa is dearer to him than his own life. When Rupa is attacked by a ruthless villain - who is no other than Makhanlal's son - who should come to her rescue but her husband!

A series of events make her take a bold step. She prefers moving out with her husband to suffering the atmosphere of her mother's house more and more dominated by Makhanlal's family.

Lakshman leads her to an humble dwelling. Her impression is that he works as a mechanic. Her life here is a far cry from

her luxurious past. But the change reveals to her the qualities and virtues which lay dormant in herself. Above all, she realises the thrill of giving and getting love.

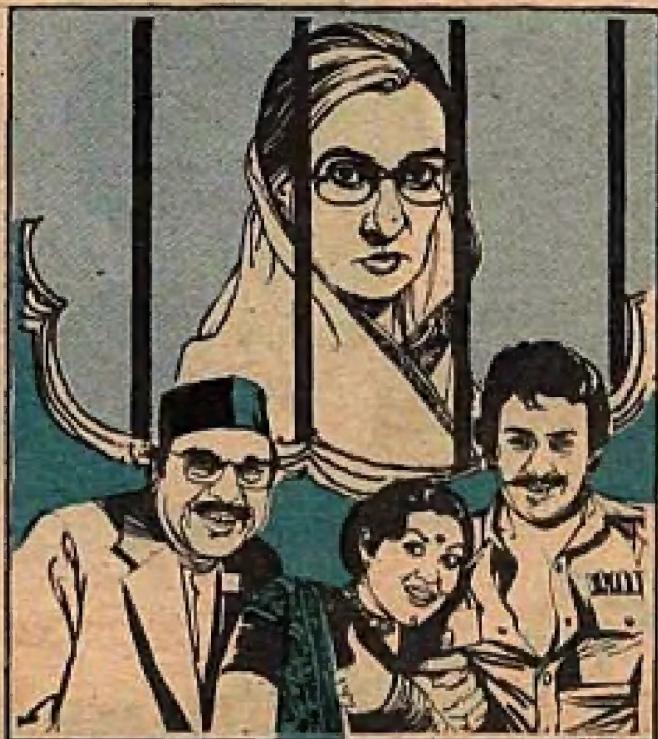
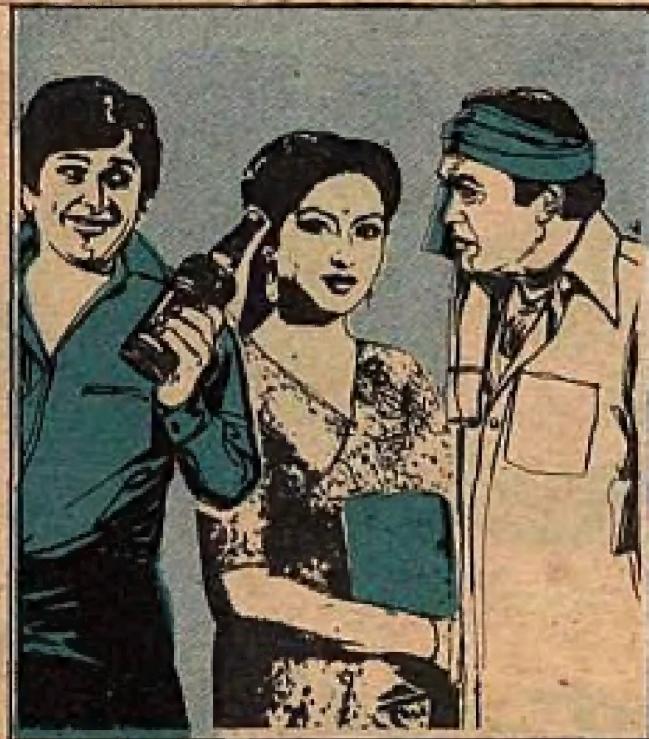
Durgadevi's house is soon reduced to an inferno, usurped by Makhanlal, his wife - a diabolical character - and their son. It is too late when Durgadevi wakes up to their villainy. They won't go satisfied with anything less than a total surrender of all her property to them.

She has the courage to refuse, but no power to defend herself when threatened with the alternative - death!

The grim alternative is about to engulf her - in the form of blazing flames. The world seems deaf to her cries!

Can she be rescued? Can Ram and Lakshman have any role to play at this juncture?

The exciting conclusion awaits you on the screen.



*A mission
to fulfil father's ambition
—to redeem his debt of gratitude*



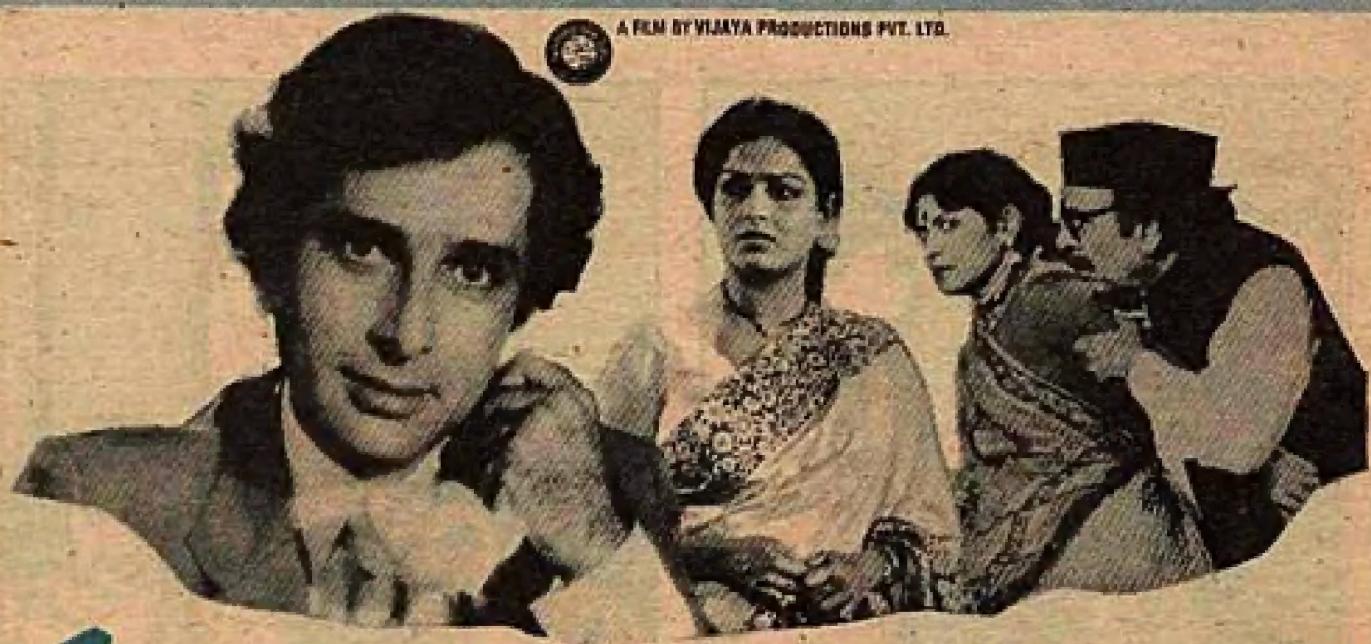
B. NAGI REDDI PRESENTS YET ANOTHER FAMILY FILM WITH A DIFFERENCE

SWAYAMVAR

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Cinematography: P.L. BHAVAN Reddy: S. KRISHNA RAO Editing: D. VASU Gender: SURESH BHAT Story: BISHWANAND SUR: R.N. NAGARAJA Rao Studio: VIJAYA - VAJRA Production Controller: M. VEERA RADHAKRISHNA

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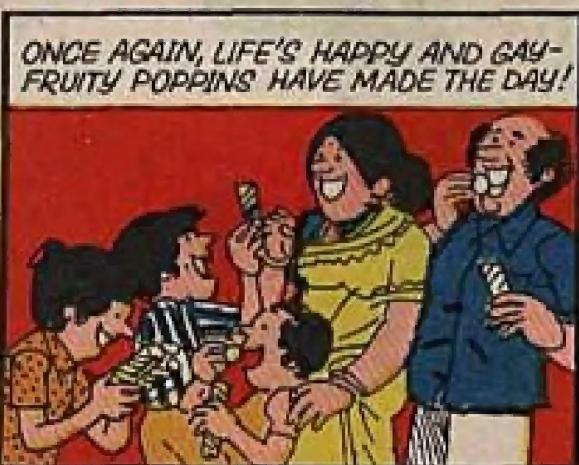
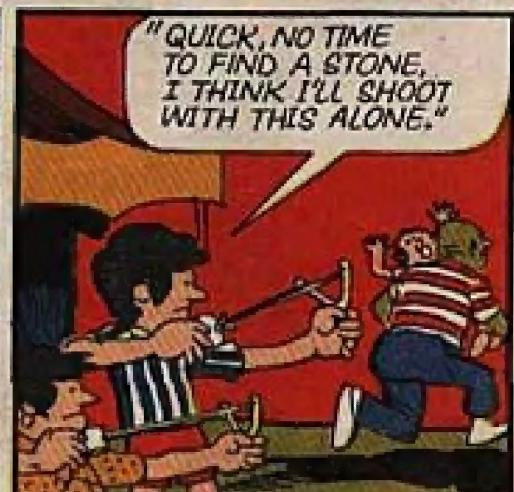
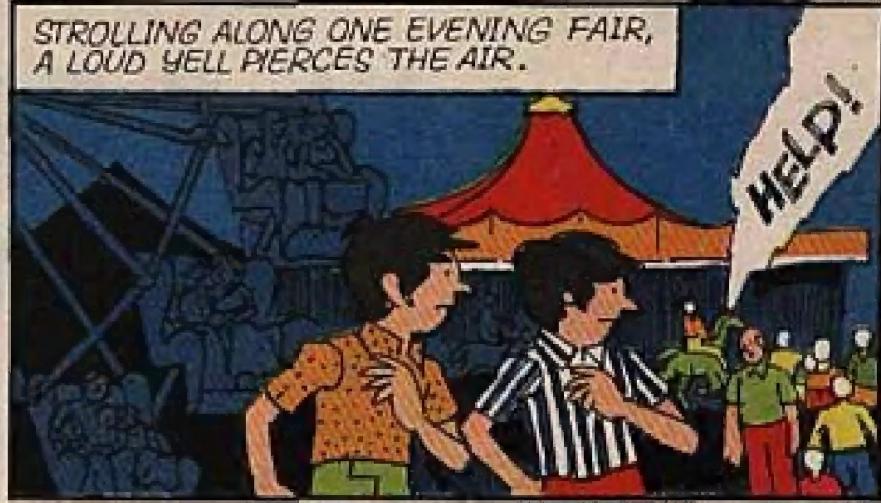
WATCH FOR THIS SPACE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

RAM & SHYAM

Kidnapped!

STROLLING ALONG ONE EVENING FAIR,
A LOUD YELL PIERCES THE AIR.

HELP!



LIKABLE
LIKEABLE
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